OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH,".....SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME II.] PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 10, 1825. [NUMBER 71.

THE REFLECTOR.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Death was unknown in Paradise.

Till the serpent entered the bowers of Eden, our parents suffered no decay; no wasting sickness enfeebled their limbs, or filled them with the dreadful prospect of dissolution. But when the deceiver entered the beautiful garden, death and destruction followed in their train, overwhelming not only them, but all their posterity in unspeakable misery. Since that time the great destroyer has not ceased to lay waste and ravage the earth. Look around and view the situation of mankind:—Here may be seen a happy family, living together in love, and enjoying all the pleasures of friendship and fraternal affection.——Again, behold the change! their countenances, once glowing with beauty and health, now appear dejected and disconsolate; death has visited their dwelling, and borne to his long home, their dear, their reverend father. Now, instead of the smile of pleasure and the looks of joy, we see tears drop from their sorrowful eyes—and hear the faint sigh escape from their mournful breasts. He, on whom the mother had placed her affections and hopes of happiness, and to whom the young and helpless children looked for protection, is GONE! and "*the place that knew him once, shall know him no more forever.*" But we hear no complaint; sensible that the GOVERNOR of the Universe can do nothing wrong, they repine not, but mingle their grief with resignation.

Where are now the men who achieved the independence of America? Where shall we look for *Washington* and his companions in arms?——in their Graves! Death, the direful king of terrors, regarded not their virtues or their deeds—but, with relentless fury, hurled them to the dismal mansions of the dead.—Where are those men who once filled Europe with slaughter, and drenced her fields in blood?—They are gone—and in a few years their names will be forgotten. Such, then, is the destiny of man;—to-day he fills the world with tears and sorrow—and ere to-morrow's sun shall set, he may become an inhabitant of the lonely tomb! ZERO.

[We copy the following from the *New-York National Advocate*, a paper edited by MR. NOAH. It gives a true picture of the melancholy effects attending the commission of crimes. In *our* County we have known of several being sent to the State Prison. Some are now there; and others, we fear, must soon follow. The reflections in this article are just, and well worth the attention of every reader. The mode of treatment in the Penitentiary in New-York, probably, is nearly the same as in the Prison in this State:]

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.—The lads lately convicted of man-slaughter, have, in conformity with their sentence, been each placed in the cells of the state prison. These cells are dark stone rooms, scarcely ten feet in length, and six in breadth; cold and dreary, and dismal.—Though confinement at hard labor in the state prison carries with it an odium difficult to shake off, yet still there is a gleam of hope and a ray of comfort. The convict labors with his fellow convict; exercise gives him health and appetite; he sees the face of man; he takes his meals and sleeps with his unfortunate companions; he enjoys the light of day; the rays of the sun; the breeze of summer, and the bracing air of winter. There is still comfort in calamity, but alas, what situation can be more wretched than confinement in the solitary cells of a prison!—Man was made for society, he is wretched without it, and the fate of these youths should make a deep impression upon our apprentices generally, and admonish them to avoid vice and intemperance, and accustom themselves to industry, sobriety and civility.

Contrast the present and past situation of those captive boys. They have all parents and relations, to whom they are reciprocally attached; they enjoyed the comfort and happiness of home; the endearing attention and affectionate solicitude of mothers, brothers, and friends; their little wants were gratified; their reasonable pleasures promoted; they rose early to work, and, in the ship yard or on the shop board, with the plumb of the mason, and the plane of the carpenter, or, in the ordinary mechanical pursuits, they were treading a career of usefulness, honor, wealth, and happiness; the hope of their families, and probably of their country. Now mark the sad reverse! In seven solitary cells, dark as night, without a voice to cheer them, these unfortunate boys now lie. In one corner is their hard and comfortless bed, no sound breaks upon their benumbed ears and chilled faculties, save the grating of ponderous bolts, when they are withdrawn to admit the mute and surly gaoler, who places the coarse meal of bread and water on the stone table and retires in silence. No grateful voice of parents or relations is heard—those voices which called them to their meals, warned them to their beds, attended them in their sickness and was jocund and free with them in health. The sound of cannon, the "spirit-stirring drum," the shouts of freemen, the joyful music of the band heard on our national anniversary, reached not their prison.—There they sit, coiled up in a corner, shivering with dumps and apprehensions—shut out from the world—darkness, dreariness and sickness of heart, surrounding and affecting them.—This is not a highly colored picture; it is unfortunately a true sketch. Let it warn our youth to beware of bad company—to shun bad habits—to keep themselves out of broils and mischief—to be industrious and economical, and calculate upon the arrival of that time, they are to take a place among their fellow citizens and earn for themselves reputation and bread.

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

CARTER'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Liverpool, 15th July, 1825.

The suburbs of Dublin on the road from Limerick, are extremely picturesque and beautiful. On the right hand is a distant range of high hills running along the coast. The grounds are fertile, and in a high state of cultivation, with numerous seats of noblemen and wealthy individuals belonging to the city. Just before entering the town, we crossed a stone bridge over the Grand Canal. Our entrance was at twilight. The coach passed several of the principal streets on its way to the Royal Hibernian Hotel, and we had a glance at many of the public buildings. A ride through the spacious streets, bordered by a great number of these magnificent edifices, gave us a very favorable impression of the city, which is the second in magnitude in the United Kingdom. As our arrival was on Saturday evening, and no opportunity was afforded of delivering our letters the next day, and as we were in great haste to reach Liverpool, it was concluded to take the first packet, reserving our visit to this place till our return from the north of Ireland. It is our intention to cross over from Scotland to Belfast, visit the Giant's Causeway, Londonderry, and other places in that part of the Island; thence to Dublin and Waterford, and at the latter town, to take the steam-packet to Bristol, for the purpose of making an excursion through the southern counties of England.

Our view of the south of Ireland, both town and country, has been as full and perfect as could well have been accomplished in the same time. The weather has been delightfully pleasant, enabling us to be abroad every day; and we have been constantly upon the alert with all the inquisitiveness of Yankees. Although we did not take a single letter to this part of Ireland, and were entire strangers, it has been our good fortune to meet with many intelligent and communicative persons, who have manifested towards us their characteristic hospitality and kindness. An instance of this description occurred at Limerick. On making some inquiries of one of the clerks of the courts, respecting the town, he at once locked his office and devoted an hour in conducting us to some of the public places, and in pointing out what was worth seeing.

The country was undoubtedly seen under the most favorable circumstances. So fine a season has not been known for many years; and the Emerald Isle is now in the full bloom of summer, with the prospect of abundant harvests. Provisions of all kinds are plenty, and the ordinary sufferings of the lower classes are comparatively light. There is, however, at present much wretchedness, which nothing but some radical changes in the structure of society, can remove. At Dublin we read the report in the House of Lords, on the state of Ireland. The ministerial papers denominate it an able document, and the King thanks the committee in his speech. But the report appears to be a mere collusion calculated to lull the people into a state of quietude, and to cherish hope long deferred, and always disappointed. It is here viewed in that light; and the catholics have already held meetings preparatory to another political campaign. They are confident of ultimate success. Their opponents accuse them of a wish to revolutionize the Island, and dissolve the Union; but this they stoutly deny, contending that they are loyal, and ask for nothing beyond the privileges, which other sects enjoy. Something more than two-thirds of the whole population are catholics. The protestants say, that an accession of power and influence would increase the number and render it formidable both to Church and State. The result of the controversy is doubtful, and the destination of Ireland is a problem, which remains to be solved.

It is evident that the government entertain serious fears of such an immense physical force, in a starving and discontented condition. Hence the policy of sending so many from the country to Canada. This is a dangerous experiment. The emigrants will bye and bye look for that freedom and independence abroad, which they could never find at home. To us republicans the policy to be pursued towards Ireland appears perfectly plain. Education should be the great and prime instrument of changing the state of society. Let public schools be established at the expense of the government, the children well educated; let houses of industry and penitentiaries be founded; in short, let the great mass of the people be enlightened, and there will be no danger of the world relapsing into popery. I cannot but think, that the benevolent efforts of Bible Societies and other charities in England, which seek for (as similar institutions in our country do instead of laboring in the waste places at home) objects in remote parts of the earth, might be with more philanthropy and with a better prospect of success, directed to the lower classes in Ireland, thousands of whom have almost as little claim to civilization, or to the enlightened principles of christianity, as the Chinese or the Islanders of the Pacific Ocean.

On Monday evening the 11th instant, at 6 o'clock, we embarked at Dublin on board the steam-packet, "Town of Liverpool;" for this place. The bustle and confusion incident to our departure, and indeed during the whole passage presented such scenes, as we had never before witnessed. Our boat was a second ark, containing all sorts of beasts and creeping things. A considerable part of the cargo was taken in after our arrival at the dock. It consisted, in the first place, of a stratum of horses, something like a hundred in number, occupying the hold. The process of letting them down, struck us as novel, although it may be common in our own country. A box sufficiently large to hold a horse, is placed upon deck, with a sliding door at each end. The animal is led in and enclosed and swung down ten or fifteen feet into the hold. A man descends on the moveable stable, to open it and stow away the animal. In one instance, the horse took fright and became restive, in the descent, kicking and flouncing in his narrow enclosure, across which Pat stood astride with his corderoy breeches, holding on by the rope, and apparently more frightened than the poor creature he had in charge.

Above the horses was a stratum of sheep, one hundred and fifty in number, going to the Liverpool market. On the deck were numerous crates of geese, ducks, pigs, and poultry, with all sorts of lumber thrown promiscuously together. To complete the freight, between two and three hundred Irish, consisting of men, women and children, with their baggage and provisions, were strewed among the rubbish upon the deck of the boat. They were going over to England, with their families, to labor during the harvest. A gentleman on board informed me, that they make three harvests annually—the first in England, the second in Ireland, and the third in Scotland. The difference in the seasons of the three countries, is sufficient to give them time to cross and recross the channel.

Scenes were exhibited at the embarkation and on the voyage, which I sighed for the pencil of a Hogarth to portray. One group in particular arrested our attention. It consisted of a whole family, husband, wife, sons and daughters, seated upon their baggage in a corner of the deck. Their poor neighbors were constantly pouring in, one after another, bringing little presents of cakes, fruits, and other comforts, shaking hands, shedding a parting tear, and giving the parting kiss, with many benedictions. From the formality of so many long farewells and last words, we concluded they were emigrants bound to America, and taking leave of their friends forever, until we were informed that the separation was only for a few weeks. There were other scenes less tragic, where Mathews might have gleaned new materials for his exhibitions. In the bustle of taking in the freight of horses, sheep, and baggage, one passenger was knocked off the plank into the dock, mantled with a thick scum. Fortunately he was not much encumbered with garments. The crowd upon the wharf cried out, "swim, Pat!"—others, "throw a rope!" The good fellow buffetted it with lusty sinews, looking up wistfully to the spectators, some of whom were laughing and others weeping at the accident. He reached the steps in safety, and shook the wreaths of sea-weed from his brow, with no other loss than that of his old *sugar-loaf*.

When the boat reached the swell, the confusion deepened. Some were drinking, singing, and carousing; others huddled into corners with affright. All sorts of noises were heard, from the gabbling of geese to the squalling of children. The deck was literally covered, in some spots, two or three deep, lying lengthwise and crosswise, with "*the dying and dead.*" A part of them had fallen *gallantly* by the influence of the bottle, which circulated freely, and was taken "by the word of mouth," to adopt a phrase suited to the theme. Others met a more unwelcome fate, in sinking gradually from the motion of the ship. There was a glorious uncertainty to which of these causes the sufferer was a victim. The cabin passengers were separated from the multitude, occupying the after part of the ship, elevated several feet, and presenting a full view of the field before them. Had any serious accident befallen the ship, the loss of a hundred of lives would have been inevitable, as there were but two small boats on board.

The "Town of Liverpool" is a ship of about three hundred tons; but as unlike our steam-boats in style and accommodations, as Hyponian to a satyr. There is no forward cabin, and the after one is small and inconvenient. The deck, as already mentioned, is lumbered with freight. Almost the only good point about the packet, is her machinery, which is safe, and drives her forward at the rate of about ten miles an hour, consuming in that time something more than a ton of coal. Owing to her promiscuous cargo, the air is a villanous compound, and is said to resemble that of a Guinea trader. It is impossible to keep her clean, and we suffered more from bilge-water or something worse in crossing the channel, than during the whole passage in the Corinthian. The Captain is a modest, clever man, attentive to the wants of the passengers, and willing to do every thing in his power to render them comfortable. It is said the other boats on this line are much better, and several new ones are building, which will commence running in the course of the season. They pass in all kinds of weather, winter and summer, although the sea in the Channel is often rougher and more dangerous than any part of the ocean. The fare across for cabin passengers is a guinea each, with a half crown to the steward, whether you receive any benefit at his hands or not. This latter fee may be considered as a species of imposition, since the person who receives it is otherwise well rewarded for his services, and has amassed a handsome property, amounting to something like £20,000. The passengers pay for whatever they eat and drink on board.

As we receded from Dublin, our view of the bay, harbor, and town was uncommonly fine. It was a calm and bright evening, the fleecy clouds reposing in the utmost tranquillity upon the hills surrounding the city, and the sun, as he sunk towards the horizon, gilding the spires, turrets, and castles with a golden splendor. On either side of the bay, which was covered with boats and vessels under easy sail, are high promontories, extending far into the Channel, and forming the entrance of the harbor. Back of these on your right in leaving the city, the hills rise in peaks to the height of perhaps a thousand feet, which, seen in connection with the blue waters of the sea, the city, and works of art along the shores of the bay, present a picturesque and charming view. On the left close under the head-land, we passed "Ireland's Eye," a fantastic little island, composed partly of naked rock, and partly of a low and green margin. In either direction, up and down the Channel, verdant promontories are seen projecting into the sea, until their dim summits fade into sky and water.

By sunset the last speck of land had disappeared. Strange as it may seem, it afforded us real pleasure to find ourselves once more bounding over the billows. The sea in one short voyage had become a familiar acquaintance, and there was music in the waves, as they foamed and dashed around the ship. We wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and remained on deck till a late hour, finding it much more comfortable than a confined cabin. At one o'clock in the morning, the boat passed Holy Head. Its light, as also the one at the harbor, and on the shores was visible at the same time, appearing like stars twinkling upon the water. The moon, with her form wasted to a crescent from the full-orbed splendor, in which she had lighted our path upon sea, rose from the waves, and added much to the scene.

By five o'clock, we were in full view of the mountains of Wales, lifting their high tops and basking in the beams of a bright morning. This shore is not less bold and rugged than the one which had just been left behind. Lofty eminences were all along the shore extending into the Channel, with perpendicular white cliffs. One of these promontories was pointed out to us, upon which a vessel was not long since wrecked under singular circumstances. It was thick weather, and the mate on going out upon the bowsprit, to see if he could discern the shore, found himself upon the rocks and stepped upon the land. The vessel was immediately dashed to pieces, but the crew were saved.

Our approach to Liverpool was extremely interesting. The town is situated upon the right bank of the Mersey, concealed by a point of land, until you are within a short distance of it. It is not easy of access, the channel being narrow and crooked. The first intimation of our approach was indicated by a fleet of vessels of every description, entering and leaving the harbor with their white sails gilded by the sun. Our boat cut her way through the multitude, affording us an opportunity to read their names, and to perceive with mingled feelings of pride and pleasure, that many of them were from New-York and other parts of the United States. Half a dozen steamboats were also descending the channel, some of them with great rapidity, and others having ships in tow.

Over the town a heavy cloud of smoke hung, so thick as to render the spires of the churches scarcely discernible. By eight o'clock, the packet was ascending the rapid current of the Mersey, which hurries on at the rate of six miles the hour; and before nine o'clock we were safely landed at the King's Arms Hotel. A sketch of Liverpool must be deferred till my next.

RECENT OMISSIONS.

Foreign.

FROM FRENCH PAPERS,

Received at the Office of the N. Y. National Advocate.

In August last, the publisher of a newspaper at Poictiers was tried, and condemned to pay 3000 francs and to be punished with three months imprisonment, for having published an *obituary* notice of a person who had been distinguished during the revolution, and had voted for the death of Louis 16th, though that person had special permission from the Bourbons, for certain subsequent services, to remain in France. The obituary notice had been written by a son of the deceased. The publisher appealed to the higher court, and the sentence was confirmed.—When it was read the poor man was so shocked that he fell senseless, was carried home, fell in a stupor, and forgot every thing, being completely deranged. He was a man of sixty years, of a large family and good character, and was called *Catineau*. So much for liberty of any kind in France.

The brutality of Ferdinand in hanging the Empecinado at the same time Bessieres suffered, is execrated throughout Europe. The Empecinado was long imprisoned, and no one believed that he would suffer death. Such is the condition of wretched Spain.

The Austrian government in Italy, has prohibited, under a strong penalty, any subject from publishing any book or paragraph, short or long, without permission of the censors, in any part of the world. The cause of this decree was, publishing accounts of the murder of the students at Pavia, by the Austrian soldiers, which appeared in foreign journals.

The Star, the leading Ministerial paper in Paris, modestly proposes that the Constitutional, a liberal paper, shall be stopped, and the copies burnt by the public hangman. The reason given is, that the Constitutional has a tendency to favor the Protestant faith.

It is said that a camp of 30,000 French troops is now forming on the Spanish borders. The new name is the camp of *Exercise*.

Domestic.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

The *Franklin* (Malone, N. Y.) *Telegraph* gives an account of the execution of Stephen Videts for the murder of Mrs. Fanny Mosely. The Telegraph says:

"That while under the fatal tree, a paper was then read at his request in which he asserted his innocence in the following terms: 'With regard to the crime for which I this day suffer, I have only to remark, that I am perfectly innocent. By whose hands the unfortunate Fanny Mosely was deprived of life, I do not know; but I say it was not mine, neither was I aware of the approach of that unhappy event, but at the time was fearful of the designs upon my own life." A short time after, the rope was fastened to the beam, and the cap drawn over his face, he still protesting his innocence, and the drop fell. But unfortunately, the knot drew over his chin in such a manner as not entirely to stop his breath; nor the circulation of the vital fluid; in this dreadful situation he struggled for several minutes in the agonies of death.

The paper containing his protestations of innocence, he had declared his intention of holding in his right hand, when yielding up his life. *This paper he changed from his left to his right hand, when he had hung two or three minutes, and waved it to the multitude with apparent design.*

There is a paper manufactory at Pittsburg, situated on the banks of the Monongahela, in which are employed one hundred and ninety persons—the machinery is moved by steam, and paper is furnished in the building from the rags, ready to be applied to the walls of a parlor. The proprietor of this extensive establishment, ships unusual quantities of paper to South America, by the way of New-Orleans. Every branch of business connected with paper making, is, we believe, carried on there, and we should presume that it was one of the most extensive paper manufactories in America.

Bost. Statesman.

POETRY.

FROM THE LONDON MORNING CHRONICLE.

THE PLAGUE.

Suggested by reading Galt's "Rothelan."

BY J. B. PRIOR.

"Bring out your dead!"—'t is the pitman's cry;
The wagon is filling and waiting nigh.
Cannot Pity or Mercy, or Love prevail?
Nay, "bring out your dead;"
Not a word can be said:——
The Plague will not listen to Sympathy's tale.

"Bring out your dead!"—the twins are not cold!
Their mother's fond fingers are clasped in their fold;
Let me get them a coffin, I'll dig them a grave;
Thou art sickening—thy breath
Is receding to death:——
The Plague will not heed whom to succour or save.

"Bring out your dead!"—that 's a fruitless sigh—
The babe and the aged together lie;
They were dear to my heart, they were precious and true;
Bring them forth!—in the heap
They will quietly sleep;
And the Plague, lovely woman, is calling *thee* too.

"Bring out your dead!"—let the coffers stay;
The wagon is stopping—we hurry away!
But my uncle is rich, he will leave me his wealth:
'T is a thousand to one
If *thy* race be not run
Ere the midnight,—the Plague does not travel past health.

"Bring out your dead!"—we are going to pray;
No priest can we purchase, the masses to say.
We were yesterday married—so soon must we die?
Love and Beauty, they go
To the charnel below:——
The Plague does not care who together shall lie.

"Bring out your dead!"—both the Friar and Clerk,
We have taken with cross, book and hand, in the dark;
The Nun and the Lady are vaulted alike,——
From the Bridge to St. John
All the orders are gone,
And the soldier has fallen by his halberd and pike.

"Bring out your dead!"—throw his armour aside;
Let the weapons be moved with his dresses of pride;
Strip the gold and the jewels, the purchaser 's dead:——
Even the wagon so high
Has no driver to ply
To the mountain of flesh by mortality fed.

"Bring out your dead!"—on the Thames, at the Hall;
From the Gates to the Stairs, from the Wark to the Wall,
Where a spot can be found,
'T is infection's ground;
And it matters not, living, who hector'd or smiled.

"Bring out your dead!"—the dead cannot hear;
The streets are in darkness, and silent and drear;
The houses are void, and the shutters are fast:—
Both the rich and the poor
Have been brought to the door,
And the Pitmen, together, are buried at last.

FROM THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

LINES

Written on the back of the Ten Dollar Bank Note, received as the prize for the "Ode to the Moon," from Gerard Hallock, Esq. Editor of the Boston Telegraph.

Go! thou bane of Genius! go!—
Go thou necessary ill!
Let thy grovelling minions know
Genius can despise thee still!
Tho' his coat be thread-bare worn,
Tho' his merit be denied,
Tho' his heart be deeply torn,
And his character belied;
Tho' grim poverty assail,
And neglect and care oppress,
Daring Genius will not quail.
E'en in utter wretchedness!
He hath that within him burning,
Which sustains him 'gainst thy frown,
Thee and all thy votaries spurning,
For a glorious renown!

Without my knowledge or my suit,
All unsought thou cam'st to me;*
The first pecuniary fruit,
Of my unkind minstrelsy.
Unregretted now thou goest,
My servant, not my god, thou art;
And by thy inscription showest,
Thou'rt not the idol of my heart!
Go not to th' o'erreaching knave—
Nor the avaricious spirit,
Nor licentious passion's slave—
Seek and bless neglected merit!
Bear thy comforts to the poor,
Solace those who roam forlorn,
Seek the unfrequented door,
Of virtue and the child of scorn!

If oppression strive to wring
Thee from unprotected need,
Tell him that remorse shall bring
Curses on his heartless deed.
Should the miser seek to gain
And secure thee with his pelf,
Tell him that a deep disdain
Marks the wretch who lives for *self*.
Or should profligacy aim
To arrest and squander thee,
Tell him that contempt and shame
Shall disgrace his memory!
Go! and as thou goest, tell
Every kind and generous heart,
That I warmly wish it well,
And would gladly now impart
Thousands such as thee to bless,
Every child of wretchedness! S. G.

Middlebury, (Vt.) January 26, 1825.

* The author knew not that a prize had been offered, before it was awarded to him.

From the Boston Centinel.

Mr. Editor,—Some few years since, I recollect to have seen the following Epitaph, although short, it embraces much, and should you deem it worthy of a place in one corner of your paper, it may please the fancy of some of your readers. M.

EPITAPH

On the Stone of a Tomb which enclosed three little Children.

Beneath this Stone three infants' ashes lie.
Say, are they lost or saved!
If death's by sin: they sin'd, because they're here—
If Heav'n's by works; in Heav'n they can't appear!
Ah! reason how depraved!
Revere the sacred page! The knot 's untied;
They died—for Adam sin'd,
They live; for Jesus died.

MISCELLANIES.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. Editor,—Since writing the note, the receipt of which you acknowledge but declined publishing, (which, by the way, I am glad you did,) I have received from some of the principal inhabitants of the *Island of Matrimony*, (owing, no doubt, to the *guessing* of 'Egomet,') proposals for a cessation of hostilities for three or six months; to which I have agreed, hoping that a lasting peace may ensue. Therefore, I have permission again to visit that Island, on condition that I will make arrangements for becoming an inhabitant before the expiration of the armistice. To which condition I think I shall submit, provided I can find a Maid who has not cajoled and jilted more than ten or a dozen widowers and young men; who never has written an acknowledgment to one whom she had cajoled, and afterwards denied the whole, notwithstanding the existence of her writing; who has never twice solicited an interview with one young man—and called him, when he was half undressed in an adjoining chamber, to come into hers—and extinguished her light—nor repeatedly confessed her faults, and renewed her promise, and declared her love—nor thrown herself into his arms, and—— and——nor permitted him till after three hours to leave her—and denied within two months the whole transaction—And one who has never done such things I flatter myself I shall find. Therefore I shall have no need of assistance from the *guessing* 'Egomet,' the sleepy 'Titany,' nor any other famous scribblers who mean to show their tacit "contempt of such barbarous bagatelle;" nor have occasion again at present to trouble you, Mr. Editor, with any further communication on the subject,

OLD BACHELOR.

From the Port Folio.

THE THREE HUNCHBACKS.

At a short distance from Douai, there stood a castle on the banks of a river, near a bridge. The master of this castle was hunchbacked. Nature had exhausted her ingenuity in the formation of his whimsical figure. In place of understanding, she had given him an immense head, which, nevertheless, was lost between his two shoulders; he had thick hair, a short neck, and horrible visage.

Spite of his deformity, this bugbear bethought himself of falling in love with a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a poor but respectable burgess of Douai. He sought her in marriage, and as he was the richest person in the district, the poor girl was delivered up to him. —After the nuptials he was as much an object of pity as she, for, being devoured by jealousy he had no tranquillity day or night, but went prying and rambling every where, and suffered no stranger to enter the castle.

One day, during the Christmas festival, while standing sentinel at his gate, he was accosted by three hunchback minstrels. They saluted him as a brother, and as such asked him for refreshments, and at the same time, to establish the fraternity, they shouldered their humps to him. Contrary to expectation, he conducted them to his kitchen, gave them a canon with peas, and to each a piece of money over and above. Before their departure, he warned them never to return on pain of being thrown into the river.—At this threat of the Chatelain the minstrels laughed heartily, and took the road to the town singing in full chorus, and dancing in a grotesque manner, in derision of their brother hump of the castle. He, on his part, without paying farther attention, went to walk in the fields.

The lady who saw her husband cross the bridge and had heard the minstrels, called them back to amuse her. They had not long returned to the castle, when her husband knocked at the gate, by which she and the minstrels were equally alarmed. Fortunately, the lady perceived in a neighboring room three empty coffers. Into each of these she stuffed a minstrel, shut the covers, and then opened the gate to her husband. He had only come back to espy the conduct of his wife as usual, and after a short stay, went out anew, at which you may believe his wife was not dissatisfied. She instantly ran to the coffers to release the prisoners, for night was approaching, and her husband would not probably be long absent. But what was her dismay, when she found them all three suffocated! Lamentation, however, was useless. The main object now was to get rid of the dead bodies, and she had not a moment to lose. She ran to the gate, and seeing a peasant go by, she offered him a reward of thirty livers, and leading him into the castle, she took him to one of the coffers, and showing him its contents, told him he must throw the dead body into the river: he asked for a sack, put the carcase into it, pitched it over the bridge, and then returned out of breath to claim the promised reward.

I certainly intended to satisfy you, said the lady, but you ought first to fulfil the condition of the bargain—you have agreed to rid me of the dead body, have you not? There, however, it is still.—Saying this, she showed him to the other coffer, in which the second hunchbacked minstrel had expired. At this sight the clown was perfectly confounded—how the devil! come back! a sorcerer! He then stuffed the body into the sack, and threw it, like the other, over the bridge, taking care to put the head down, and to observe that it sank.

Meanwhile the lady again changed the position of the coffers, so that the third was now in the place which had been successfully occupied by the two others. When the peasant returned, she showed him the remaining dead body. You are right, friend, said she, he must be a magician, for there he is again. The rustic gnashed his teeth with rage. What, the devil! am I to do nothing but carry this hunchback! He then lifted him up with dreadful imprecations, and having tied a stone round the neck, threw him into the middle of the current, threatening, if he came out a third time, to despatch him with a cudgel.

The first object that presented itself to the clown, on his way back for his reward, was the hunchbacked master of the castle, returning from his evening walk, and making towards the gate. At this sight the peasant could no longer restrain his fury. Dog of a humpback, are you there again? So saying, he sprung on the Catelain, threw him over his shoulders and hurled him headlong into the river after the minstrels.

I'll venture a wager you have not seen him the last time, said the peasant, entering the room where the lady was seated. She answered she had not. You were not far from it, replied he; the sorcerer was already at the gate, but I have taken care of him—he at your ease—he will not come back now.

The lady instantly comprehended what had occurred, and recompensed the peasant with much satisfaction.

A PRINTER'S REMARKABLE DREAM.

The Printer of the Farmer's Advocate, says, we do not pretend to "believe in dreams," but we had one a few nights since of such a singular character that we cannot resist an inclination to give it publicity. We dreamed, (for printers are subject to dreams,) that all our delinquent subscribers flocked in and paid up their accounts—consequently, we immediately procured new type from New-York, enlarged the Advocate, and paid off the paper maker. In this we were exceedingly delighted—but just as we were about to render a host of grateful acknowledgments to our patrons, an unlucky, blundering little insect, (which we do think might have found better lodgings,) gave us such a friendly gripe between the shoulders, that we awoke under the dreadful apprehension that the sheriff had favored us with a call—but 'twas all a dream—all but the *bite*.

From the Metropolitan.

Mr. Editor,—You published some time since what you have seen, I now send you an account of things *I have never seen.*

I have never seen an Editor that received payment from half of his subscribers.

I have never seen such hard times, as the present, in all my life.

I have never seen so old a town without a comfortable poor house.

I have never seen why we have no balls or assemblies.

I have never seen a young parson, but he was admired by all the young ladies.

I have never seen a parson married and afterwards preserve his popularity with the fair sex.

I have never seen an old maid *decidedly* opposed to matrimony.

I have never seen young doctors free from pedantry in the use of technical phrases.

I have never seen a pretty girl, that did not know it—"*Letty knew it.*"

I have never seen a lawyer refuse a fee on account of his client's poverty.

I have never seen greater men than Jackson, Adams and Lafayette.

I have never seen a woman who was *tongue-tied*

I have never seen a girl that would sing without being asked at least forty times.

I have never seen the necessity of ladies wearing hip-splits.

I have never seen rich men prefer marrying poor girls.

I have never seen but one lady use a bed wrench and pin to tighten her corsette.

I have never seen a tax-gatherer or sheriff starve.

I have never seen more candidates than at present for all vacant offices.

I have never seen provisions cheaper and money scarcer than at this time.

I have never seen a woman die of the lock-jaw.

I have never seen a lady who learned music to catch a husband, ever play after marriage for his gratification.

I have never seen the necessity of young ladies (who are not bald) wearing false hair.

I have never seen the great Sea Serpent, or Tom Thumb, or Cleves Symmes or the man in the moon—I would have travelled to see all these things, but my guardian poked straws in my eyes.

Conjugal Affection.—A gentleman lately died in one of our adjacent villages, who, for several years since, was sorely afflicted with a bile, so much so as to be compelled for several days to preserve the same position. One day he made an effort to go into his cellar, and draw some cider. He took with him an old blue-and-white mug, which for many years had been an ornament in the family, and having hobbled to the cellar stairs, he unfortunately trod upon a potato, which precipitated him to the bottom of the cellar, breaking his bile and putting him in the most excruciating pain. His tender spouse, hearing the noise, ran to the top of the stairs and called out—'My dear, have you broken the mug?'—Smarting with pain, he exclaimed—'No, d—n it, but I will;' and immediately dashed it against the wall.

Anecdote. It has been generally allowed that English pick-pockets are gifted with more dexterity and address, in performing the duties of their calling, than persons of the same profession in other countries; the following manœuvre, would not, however, have disgraced Barrington or Bill Soames:—A merchant being in the pit of a foreign Opera house, felt a movement about his sides, which led him to suspect that his gold snuff-box was in some jeopardy, and immediately taking measures for ascertaining whether it was safe, he found it was gone. Seeing an ill-looking fellow very near him, he did not hesitate to fix upon him as the thief; immediately seized him by the arm, he whispered in his ear—not wishing to occasion any tumult and disturb the performance, "You have taken my snuff-box, restore it this moment, or I will give you over to the police-officers.—"Sir," replied the thief, "pray do not give the alarm, or I am undone; it is true I have your box, but I am an unfortunate man in great distress, and humbly entreat of you to take your property out of my pocket, and the persons around us will know nothing of what has occurred." The merchant kindly acceded to this proposal—when the fellow vociferated "pick-pocket!" calling on those near him to observe that the hand of the merchant, which he held fast, was in his pocket. The guard came to the spot, and apprehended the accused party; who of course protested his innocence, and ultimately explained the nature of the trick which had been practised upon him; but while he was engaged in doing this, the thief glided through the crowd, carrying the gold snuff-box with him.

A Parish clerk in the north of England not long ago hired a Scotchman for his servant, who was to go at the cart and plough, and do other occasional jobs when wanted. In the course of conversation at hiring, the clerk asked him if he could submit to the unpleasant business of digging graves? to which he exclaimed, 'I'll warrant ye, master, I cou'd dig down the kirk for that matter; our auld bell-man at Jedburgh us'd to say he never had better pay, nor better jobs than howking holes for fouk.' It happened soon after entering into the service, that there was a heavy fall of snow which impeded all out-door labor—one morning he came to his master, and asked him what employment he was to go to that day. The employer hesitated for some moments, and at last told him he could not find any thing for him to do. Sawney, with great gravity, replied,—'I think, master, I'll away up to the kirk-yard and howk a few graves; we may as weel hae a wheen ready, for they may come faster in when they ken we are prepar'd for them.'

A minister reading the first line or so of a chapter in the Bible, the clerk, by some mistake or other, read it after him. The clergyman read as follows: "Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of his people." The clerk, who could not exactly catch the sentence, repeated it thus: "Moses was an *oysterman*, and made *ointment* for the *shins* of his people."——Again, "And the Lord smote Job with sore boils." The clerk repeated, "and the Lord *shot* Job with *four balls*."

A young lawyer and myself, being in company with a gentleman from the Eastward, we inquired of him concerning the quality of the land in that country. He gave a very favorable account of it. The lawyer observed, that he believed the best thing he could do, was to go down there, purchase a farm, *and go to work like Satan.* The Eastern gentleman replied, To do that, you need only *tarry at home and follow your profession.*

A short time since at a fashionable tea-table, in the run of chat, a lady took occasion to observe, that her Dear friend, Miss Such-a-one, was about to be tied in the hymeneal bands, with a gentleman nearly seventy-two years old. Seventy-two! ejaculated the whole circle, in surprise; she had much better, observed an amiable and witty lady, take two *thirty-sixes!*

Celibacy.—A bachelor bemoaning the uncomfortable prospect of celibacy, and comparing the respective happiness of a married and single life, exclaimed—"What can make the bitter cup of a bachelor's life go down?" and in the same tone, by way of self condolent response, observed—*a-las! a-las!*

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a fool." "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

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"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."..... SHAKSPEARE.

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THE REFLECTOR.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Death was unknown in Paradise.

'Till the serpent entered the bowers of Eden, our parents suffered no decay; no wasting sickness enfeebled their limbs, or filled them with the dreadful prospect of dissolution. But when the deceiver entered the beautiful garden, death and destruction followed in their train, overwhelming not only them, but all their posterity in unspeakable misery. Since that time the great destroyer has not ceased to lay waste and ravage the earth. Look around and view the situation of mankind;—Here may be seen a happy family, living together in love, and enjoying all the pleasures of friendship and fraternal affection.——Again, behold the change! their countenances, once glowing with beauty and health, now appear dejected and disconsolate; death has visited their dwelling, and borne to his long home, their dear, their reverend father. Now, instead of the smile of pleasure and the looks of joy, we see tears drop from their sorrowful eyes—and hear the faint sigh escape from their mournful breasts. He, on whom the mother had placed her affections and hopes of happiness, and to whom the young and helpless children looked for protection, is GONE! and "*the place that knew him once, shall know him no more forever.*" But we hear no complaint; sensible that the GOVERNOR of the Universe can do nothing wrong, they repine not, but mingle their grief with resignation.

Where are now the men who achieved the independence of America? Where shall we look for *Washington* and his companions in arms?——in their Graves! Death, the direful king of terrors, regarded not their virtues or their deeds—but, with relentless fury, hurled them to the dismal mansions of the dead.—Where are those men who once filled Europe with slaughter, and drenced her fields in blood?—They are gone—and in a few years their names will be forgotten. Such, then, is the destiny of man;—to-day he fills the world with tears and sorrow—and ere to-morrow's sun shall set, he may become an inhabitant of the lonely tomb! ZERO.

[We copy the following from the *New-York National Advocate*, a paper edited by MR. NOAH. It gives a true picture of the melancholy effects attending the commission of crimes. In *our* County we have known of several being sent to the State Prison. Some are now there; and others, we fear, must soon follow. The reflections in this article are just, and well worth the attention of every reader. The mode of treatment in the Penitentiary in New-York, probably, is nearly the same as in the Prison in this State:]

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.—The lads lately convicted of man-slaughter, have, in conformity with their sentence, been each placed in the cells of the state prison. These cells are dark stone rooms, scarcely ten feet in length, and six in breadth; cold and dreary, and dismal.—Though confinement at hard labor in the state prison carries with it an odium difficult to shake off, yet still there is a gleam of hope and a ray of comfort. The convict labors with his fellow convict; exercise gives him health and appetite; he sees the face of man; he takes his meals and sleeps with his unfortunate companions; he enjoys the light of day; the rays of the sun; the breeze of summer, and the bracing air of winter. There is still comfort in calamity, but alas, what situation can be more wretched than confinement in the solitary cells of a prison!—Man was made for society, he is wretched without it, and the fate of these youths should make a deep impression upon our apprentices generally, and admonish them to avoid vice and intemperance, and accustom themselves to industry, sobriety and civility.

Contrast the present and past situation of those captive boys. They have all parents and relations, to whom they are reciprocally attached; they enjoyed the comfort and happiness of home; the endearing attention and affectionate solicitude of mothers, brothers, and friends; their little wants were gratified; their reasonable pleasures promoted; they rose early to work, and, in the ship yard or on the shop board, with the plumb of the mason, and the plane of the carpenter, or, in the ordinary mechanical pursuits, they were treading a career of usefulness, honor, wealth, and happiness; the hope of their families, and probably of their country. Now mark the sad reverse! In seven solitary cells, dark as night, without a voice to cheer them, these unfortunate boys now lie. In one corner is their hard and comfortless bed, no sound breaks upon their benumbed ears and chilled faculties, save the grating of ponderous bolts, when they are withdrawn to admit the mute and surly gaoler, who places the coarse meal of bread and water on the stone table and retires in silence. No grateful voice of parents or relations is heard—those voices which called them to their meals, warned them to their beds, attended them in their sickness, and was jocund and free with them in health. The sound of cannon, the "spirit-stirring drum," the shouts of freemen, the joyful music of the band heard on our national anniversary, reached not their prison.—There they sit, coiled up in a corner, shivering with damps and apprehensions—shut out from the world—darkness, dreariness and sickness of heart, surrounding and affecting them.—This is not a highly colored picture; it is unfortunately a true sketch. Let it warn our youth to beware of bad company—to shun bad habits—to keep themselves out of broils and mischief—to be industrious and economical, and calculate upon the arrival of that time, they are to take a place among their fellow citizens and earn for themselves reputation and bread.

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

CARTER'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Liverpool, 15th July, 1825.

The suburbs of Dublin on the road from Limerick, are extremely picturesque and beautiful. On the right hand is a distant range of high hills running along the coast. The grounds are fertile, and in a high state of cultivation, with numerous seats of noblemen and wealthy individuals belonging to the city. Just before entering the town, we crossed a stone bridge over the Grand Canal. Our entrance was at twilight. The coach passed several of the principal streets on its way to the Royal Hibernian Hotel, and we had a glance at many of the public buildings. A ride through the spacious streets, bordered by a great number of these magnificent edifices, gave us a very favorable impression of the city, which is the second in magnitude in the United Kingdom. As our arrival was on Saturday evening, and no opportunity was afforded of delivering our letters the next day, and as we were in great haste to reach Liverpool, it was concluded to take the first packet, reserving our visit to this place till our return from the north of Ireland. It is our intention to cross over from Scotland to Belfast, visit the Giant's Causeway, Londonderry, and other places in that part of the Island; thence to Dublin and Waterford, and at the latter town, to take the steam-packet to Bristol, for the purpose of making an excursion through the southern counties of England.

Our view of the south of Ireland, both town and country, has been as full and perfect as could well have been accomplished in the same time. The weather has been delightfully pleasant, enabling us to be abroad every day; and we have been constantly upon the alert with all the inquisitiveness of Yankees. Although we did not take a single letter to this part of Ireland, and were entire strangers, it has been our good fortune to meet with many intelligent and communicative persons, who have manifested towards us their characteristic hospitality and kindness. An instance of this description occurred at Limerick. On making some inquiries of one of the clerks of the courts, respecting the town, he at once locked his office and devoted an hour in conducting us to some of the public places, and in pointing out what was worth seeing.

The country was undoubtedly seen under the most favorable circumstances. So fine a season has not been known for many years; and the Emerald Isle is now in the full bloom of summer, with the prospect of abundant harvests. Provisions of all kinds are plenty, and the ordinary sufferings of the lower classes are comparatively light. There is, however, at present much wretchedness, which nothing but some radical changes in the structure of society, can remove. At Dublin we read the report in the House of Lords, on the state of Ireland. The ministerial papers denominate it an able document, and the King thanks the committee in his speech. But the report appears to be a mere collusion calculated to lull the people into a state of quietude, and to cherish hope long deferred, and always disappointed. It is here viewed in that light; and the catholics have already held meetings preparatory to another political campaign. They are confident of ultimate success. Their opponents accuse them of a wish to revolutionize the Island, and dissolve the Union; but this they stoutly deny, contending that they are loyal, and ask for nothing beyond the privileges, which other sects enjoy. Something more than two-thirds of the whole population are catholics. The protestants say, that an accession of power and influence would increase the number and render it formidable both to Church and State. The result of the controversy is doubtful, and the destination of Ireland is a problem, which remains to be solved.

It is evident that the government entertain serious fears of such an immense physical force, in a starving and discontented condition. Hence the policy of sending so many from the country to Canada. This is a dangerous experiment. The emigrants will bye and bye look for that freedom and independence abroad, which they could never find at home. To us republicans the policy to be pursued towards Ireland appears perfectly plain. Education should be the great and prime instrument of changing the state of society. Let public schools be established at the expense of the government, the children well educated; let houses of industry and penitentiaries be founded; in short, let the great mass of the people be enlightened, and there will be no danger of the world relapsing into popery. I cannot but think, that the benevolent efforts of Bible Societies and other charities in England, which seek for (as similar institutions in our country do instead of laboring in the waste places at home) objects in remote parts of the earth, might be with more philanthropy and with a better prospect of success, directed to the lower classes in Ireland, thousands of whom have almost as little claim to civilization, or to the enlightened principles of christianity, as the Chinese or the Islanders of the Pacific Ocean.

On Monday evening the 11th instant, at 6 o'clock, we embarked at Dublin on board the steam-packet, "Town of Liverpool;" for this place. The bustle and confusion incident to our departure, and indeed during the whole passage presented such scenes, as we had never before witnessed. Our boat was a second ark, containing all sorts of beasts and creeping things. A considerable part of the cargo was taken in after our arrival at the dock. It consisted, in the first place, of a stratum of horses, something like a hundred in number, occupying the hold. The process of letting them down, struck us as novel, although it may be common in our own country. A box sufficiently large to hold a horse, is placed upon deck, with a sliding door at each end. The animal is led in and enclosed and swung down ten or fifteen feet into the hold. A man descends on the moveable stable, to open it and stow away the animal. In one instance, the horse took fright and became restive, in the descent, kicking and flouncing in his narrow enclosure, across which Pat stood astride with his corderoy trowsers, holding on by the rope, and apparently more frightened than the poor creature he had in charge.

Above the horses was a stratum of sheep, one hundred and fifty in number, going to the Liverpool market. On the deck were numerous crates of geese, ducks, pigs, and poultry, with all sorts of lumber thrown promiscuously together. To complete the freight, between two and three hundred Irish, consisting of men, women and children, with their baggage and provisions, were strewed among the rubbish upon the deck of the boat. They were going over to England, with their families, to labor during the harvest. A gentleman on board informed me, that they make three harvests annually—the first in England, the second in Ireland, and the third in Scotland. The difference in the seasons of the three countries, is sufficient to give them time to cross and recross the channel.

Scenes were exhibited at the embarkation and on the voyage, which I sighed for the pencil of a Hogarth to portray. One group in particular arrested our attention. It consisted of a whole family, husband, wife, sons and daughters, seated upon their baggage in a corner of the deck. Their poor neighbors were constantly pouring in, one after another, bringing little presents of cakes, fruits, and other comforts, shaking hands, shedding a parting tear, and giving the parting kiss, with many benedictions. From the formality of so many long farewells and last words, we concluded they were emigrants bound to America, and taking leave of their friends forever, until we were informed that the separation was only for a few weeks. There were other scenes less tragic, where Mathews might have gleaned new materials for his exhibitions. In the bustle of taking in the freight of horses, sheep, and baggage, one passenger was knocked off the plank into the dock, mantled with a thick scum. Fortunately he was not much encumbered with garments. The crowd upon the wharf cried out, "swim, Pat!"—others, "throw a rope!" The good fellow buffetted it with lusty sinews, looking up wistfully to the spectators, some of whom were laughing and others weeping at the accident. He reached the steps in safety, and shook the wreaths of sea-weed from his brow, with no other loss than that of his old *sugar-loaf*.

When the boat reached the swell, the confusion deepened. Some were drinking, singing, and carousing; others huddled into corners with affright. All sorts of noises were heard, from the gabbling of geese to the squalling of children. The deck was literally covered, in some spots, two or three deep, lying lengthwise and crosswise, with "*the dying and dead.*" A part of them had fallen *gallantly* by the influence of the bottle, which circulated freely, and was taken "by the word of mouth," to adopt a phrase suited to the theme. Others met a more unwelcome fate, in sinking gradually from the motion of the ship. There was a glorious uncertainty to which of these causes the sufferer was a victim. The cabin passengers were separated from the multitude, occupying the after part of the ship, elevated several feet, and presenting a full view of the field before them. Had any serious accident befallen the ship, the loss of a hundred of lives would have been inevitable, as there were but two small boats on board.

The "Town of Liverpool" is a ship of about three hundred tons; but as unlike our steam-boats in style and accommodations, as Hyponian to a satyr. There is no forward cabin, and the after one is small and inconvenient. The deck, as already mentioned, is lumbered with freight. Almost the only good point about the packet, is her machinery, which is safe, and drives her forward at the rate of about ten miles an hour, consuming in that time something more than a ton of coal. Owing to her promiscuous cargo, the air is a villanous compound, and is said to resemble that of a Guinea trader. It is impossible to keep her clean, and we suffered more from bilge-water or something worse in crossing the channel, than during the whole passage in the Corinthian. The Captain is a modest, clever man, attentive to the wants of the passengers, and willing to do every thing in his power to render them comfortable. It is said the other boats on this line are much better, and several new ones are building, which will commence running in the course of the season. They pass in all kinds of weather, winter and summer, although the sea in the Channel is often rougher and more dangerous than any part of the ocean. The fare across for cabin passengers is a guinea each, with a half crown to the steward, whether you receive any benefit at his hands or not. This latter fee may be considered as a species of imposition, since the person who receives it is otherwise well rewarded for his services, and has amassed a handsome property, amounting to something like £20,000. The passengers pay for whatever they eat and drink on board.

As we receded from Dublin, our view of the bay, harbor, and town was uncommonly fine. It was a calm and bright evening, the fleecy clouds reposing in the utmost tranquillity upon the hills surrounding the city, and the sun, as he sunk towards the horizon, gilding the spires, turrets, and castles with a golden splendor. On either side of the bay, which was covered with boats and vessels under easy sail, are high promontories, extending far into the Channel, and forming the entrance of the harbor. Back of these on your right in leaving the city, the hills rise in peaks to the height of perhaps a thousand feet, which, seen in connection with the blue waters of the sea, the city, and works of art along the shores of the bay, present a picturesque and charming view. On the left close under the head-land, we passed "Ireland's Eye," a fantastic little island, composed partly of naked rock, and partly of a low and green margin. In either direction, up and down the Channel, verdant promontories are seen projecting into the sea, until their dim summits fade into sky and water.

By sunset the last speck of land had disappeared. Strange as it may seem, it afforded us real pleasure to find ourselves once more bounding over the billows. The sea in one short voyage had become a familiar acquaintance, and there was music in the waves, as they foamed and dashed around the ship. We wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and remained on deck till a late hour, finding it much more comfortable than a confined cabin. At one o'clock in the morning, the boat passed Holy Head. Its light, as also the one at the harbor, and on the shores was visible at the same time, appearing like stars twinkling upon the water. The moon, with her form wasted to a crescent from the full-orbed splendor, in which she had lighted our path upon sea, rose from the waves, and added much to the scene.

By five o'clock, we were in full view of the mountains of Wales, lifting their high tops and basking in the beams of a bright morning. This shore is not less bold and rugged than the one which had just been left behind. Lofty eminences were all along the shore extending into the Channel, with perpendicular white cliffs. One of these promontories was pointed out to us, upon which a vessel was not long since wrecked under singular circumstances. It was thick weather, and the mate on going out upon the bowsprit, to see if he could discern the shore, found himself upon the rocks and stepped upon the land. The vessel was immediately dashed to pieces, but the crew were saved.

Our approach to Liverpool was extremely interesting. The town is situated upon the right bank of the Mersey, concealed by a point of land, until you are within a short distance of it. It is not easy of access, the channel being narrow and crooked. The first intimation of our approach was indicated by a fleet of vessels of every description, entering and leaving the harbor with their white sails gilded by the sun. Our boat cut her way through the multitude, affording us an opportunity to read their names, and to perceive with mingled feelings of pride and pleasure, that many of them were from New-York and other parts of the United States. Half a dozen steamboats were also descending the channel, some of them with great rapidity, and others having ships in tow.

Over the town a heavy cloud of smoke hung, so thick as to render the spires of the churches scarcely discernible. By eight o'clock, the packet was ascending the rapid current of the Mersey, which hurries on at the rate of six miles the hour; and before nine o'clock we were safely landed at the King's Arms Hotel. A sketch of Liverpool must be deferred till my next.

RECENT OMISSIONS.

Foreign.

FROM FRENCH PAPERS,

Received at the Office of the N. Y. National Advocate.

In August last, the publisher of a newspaper at Poictiers was tried, and condemned to pay 3000 francs and to be punished with three months imprisonment, for having published an *obituary* notice of a person who had been distinguished during the revolution, and had voted for the death of Louis 16th, though that person had special permission from the Bourbons, for certain subsequent services, to remain in France. The obituary notice had been written by a son of the deceased. The publisher appealed to the higher court, and the sentence was confirmed.—When it was read the poor man was so shocked that he fell senseless, was carried home, fell in a stupor, and forgot every thing, being completely deranged. He was a man of sixty years, of a large family and good character, and was called *Catineau*. So much for liberty of any kind in France.

The brutality of Ferdinand in hanging the Empecinado at the same time Bessieres suffered, is execrated throughout Europe. The Empecinado was long imprisoned, and no one believed that he would suffer death. Such is the condition of wretched Spain.

The Austrian government in Italy, has prohibited, under a strong penalty, any subject from publishing any book or paragraph, short or long, without permission of the censors, in any part of the world. The cause of this decree was, publishing accounts of the murder of the students at Pavia, by the Austrian soldiers, which appeared in foreign journals.

The Star, the leading Ministerial paper in Paris, modestly proposes that the Constitutional, a liberal paper, shall be stopped, and the copies burnt by the public hangman. The reason given is, that the Constitutional has a tendency to favor the Protestant faith.

It is said that a camp of 30,000 French troops is now forming on the Spanish borders. The new name is the camp of *Exercise*.

Domestic.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

The *Franklin* (Malone, N. Y.) *Telegraph* gives an account of the execution of Stephen Vidots for the murder of Mrs. Fanny Mosely. The Telegraph says:

"That while under the fatal tree, a paper was then read at his request in which he asserted his innocence in the following terms: 'With regard to the crime for which I this day suffer, I have only to remark, that I am perfectly innocent By whose hands the unfortunate Fanny Mosely was deprived of life, I do not know; but I say it was not mine, neither was I aware of the approach of that unhappy event, but at the time was fearful of the designs upon my own life." A short time after, the rope was fastened to the beam, and the cap drawn over his face, he still protesting his innocence, and the drop fell. But unfortunately, the knot drew over his chin in such a manner as not entirely to stop his breath; nor the circulation of the vital fluid; in this dreadful situation he struggled for several minutes in the agonies of death.

The paper containing his protestations of innocence, he had declared his intention of holding in his right hand, when yielding up his life. *This paper he changed from his left to his right hand, when he had hung two or three minutes, and waved it to the multitude with apparent design.*

There is a paper manufactory at Pittsburg, situated on the banks of the Monongahela, in which are employed one hundred and ninety persons—the machinery is moved by steam, and paper is furnished in the building from the rags, ready to be applied to the walls of a parlor. The proprietor of this extensive establishment, ships unusual quantities of paper to South America, by the way of New-Orleans. Every branch of business connected with paper making, is, we believe, carried on there, and we should presume that it was one of the most extensive paper manufactories in America.

Bost. Statesman.

FOREIGN.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

London and Paris advices to the 26th September have been received at Boston.

The papers give information, that on the 22d July, the Senate and Executive Power of Greece resolved to ask the succour of the [British] Government of the Ionian Islands for the preservation of their political liberty, menaced by the invasion of Ibrahim Pacha, but that after receiving information of the defeat of the Turks at Missolonghi, no further measures were taken on the subject. They also furnish a copy of a Manifesto, signed by a number of the Clergy, Legislators, Officers, &c. of Greece, said to amount to 2000; by which they voluntarily place the sacred deposit of the liberty, national Independence, and political existence of the Greek nation, under the absolute defence of Great Britain; and transmitted duplicates of it to the British Authorities. This document was dated at *Nepoli* the 2d August; and was followed by a Protest, signed by Gen. Roche, a Frenchman, and Mr. Washington, an American, who pronounced it to be the mere act of individuals at the head of a faction hostile to the Constitution of the State, dictated by a spirit of anarchy, and at the same time injurious to the character of the French and American nations.

These papers had excited much attention in all parts of Europe. It was anticipated, that if the Greeks insisted on claiming the protection of England, she could easily, and would readily, extend her dominion over the Seven Islands to the Morea and the Grecian Isles; and it was even insinuated that the proposals of the Greeks had not been made without previous knowledge that they would be well received by the British authorities. We have not seen any just ground for the insinuation. What will be the determination of the British Cabinet, if the application for protection is made, can only be conjectured. It seems, however, very certain, that the acceptance of it will occasion a rupture between England and the Ottoman Porte, the effect of which may be to disturb the tranquillity of other parts of Europe. A small spark thus kindled, may occasion a large fire. But at the date of the last accounts the affairs of the Greeks were looking better.—The defeat of the Turks at *Missolonghi* was decisive; and it was reported on good authority that Ibrahim Pacha had retreated a second time from before Napoli, and was waiting at Tripolitza for fresh reinforcements from Candia and Egypt.

New complots were asserted to have broken out in Spain, headed by *Ultra Royalist Chiefs*; and it was asserted that a very large majority of the population of Spain was devoted to their cause.—*Centinel.*

FRENCH PAPERS.

Paris Journals to the 20th September have been received. The following are translations:

"CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 25. The affairs of the Peloponesus appear to have taken an unexpected turn. The enterprise of Ibrahim Pacha into the Morea was made on the calculation that the Greeks were not to receive European succour; when, therefore, he found that they had generally placed themselves under British protection, and that Commodore Hamilton had so far complied with their request as to transmit the act of submission to his government, he conducted like an experienced soldier, and made good his retreat to Tripolitza."

PARIS, Sept. 24. It is said, that Ibrahim cannot support himself in his new situation at Tripolitza; but that a fifth division was in readiness to sail from Candia to join him.

The Captain Pacha is said to have sailed for Suda, after his reverses at Missolonghi, to transport reinforcements to the Morea.

The Greek Committee have disavowed the French General Roche, who took upon himself to protest against the proceedings of the Greek Government with respect to their application to Great Britain, as speaking in their name. [*It is scarcely necessary, to say that Mr. Washington was alike unauthorized to speak in any other than his own name.*—Cent.]

Alexandria letters to the 31st July announce the arrival there of the Viceroy of Egypt, for the sale of his Cotton, &c. but that he would not attend to the business till he had despatched a fresh expedition to reinforce his favorite son in the Morea.

The King of Prussia, with a royal retinue, has arrived in this city.

Letters from Bagdad, dated June 10, say—"The Tigris this year has considerably overflowed, and the city of Bagdad is, as it were, in the midst of a vast morass. While I write the waters are diminishing, but we are not yet in security. The city was much in danger of being inundated. Many houses have fallen down, and among others a part of the palace of the Pacha. The rains which have fallen in Upper Messopotamia, and the melting of the snows on the mountains of the Medea and Kurdistan, occasioned this little deluge. Numerous Arab families who live in Lower Messopotamia, narrowly escaped being buried in the waters, and it is said that the mass of the nation were only saved by a sacrifice of individuals. In the midst of the confusion and despair, human bodies were sought for to oppose a barrier to the waters, and men, women, children and animals were thrown on it. Provisions have tripled in price, and the Arabs and Kurds are every where in a state of insurrection.—*French paper.*

SPANISH AFFAIRS. We believe Spain is at this moment, the most unfortunate country on earth. From a file of English papers before us we gather the most conclusive evidence, that a frightful anarchy exists in that king dom, together with a ruined commerce, an empty treasury and a starving people. The circumstance of a whole lodge of Freemasons being condemned to death, carries us back to the bloody ages of the Inquisition, and makes us doubt whether we have arrived at the 19th century. What good has France done in restoring the ancient order of things? Spain, under a mild constitution, was recovering from the shock of former misgovernment; but the restoration of the absolute King, and the revival of ecclesiastical power have reduced that country to a deplorable state, and it seems, that a dreadful revolution is at hand. This is one of the serious evils of legitimacy, which subjects the people to a despotism, which nothing but anarchy can shake. The surest guarantee for the just government of Kings, is a dependance on public will.

Noah's Adv.

HAYTI. The acknowledgment of the Independence of the Republic of Hayti, by *France*, is now considered as sacred and inviolable as any other acknowledgment of Independence;—and one good effect of this just and magnanimous measure will be, that Claims of American Citizens to a considerable amount of property, will probably be forthwith paid; as in all likelihood. other nations, including the United States, will follow the example of *France*. It is to be hoped that the time is now gone by when a *black skin* and *slavery* are to be deemed inseparable. It is known that the Government of Hayti long since admitted those claims to be just; and that specie to pay them has been, and now is, in deposit; but the Haytien Government would not assent to any arrangement for the payment, in which their nation was not treated with as Independent. This is the sole cause why a number of our fellow-citizens have been kept out of their property for years.

Boston Centinel.

DOMESTIC.

SHOCKING MURDER.—It is with the most painful feelings that we find it our duty to place upon record another crime of the most aggravated character, committed within this County (Worcester,)—the murder of a son by his father.

On Monday evening last, between the hours of eight and nine, in consequence of an alarm given by a black woman, the neighbors of Daniel Stone, of Oakham, hastened to his house, and found his son, Moses Stone, a young man aged 23, weltering in his blood, in the last agonies of death. The account of the transaction given by the black woman is, that early in the evening the old man took a blanket from the bed and carried it to a cooper's shop, near the house, saying he was going to fix a butter firkin, that the young man soon after went to the shop and returned to the house with the blanket. Afterwards between the hours of 8 and 9, the young man, accompanied by the black woman, went to the shop to induce his father to return to the house. When they came to the shop the young man stepped in, on which his father, who was lying down, raised himself, with something in his hand, which the woman supposed was a club, and she cautioned the young man not to let him strike him. She had but just spoken, when a musket was discharged, and the contents were lodged in the abdomen of the young man, who immediately fell, exclaiming, "Good God, you have killed me!"—which were the last words he spoke. The old man instantly fled, and, yesterday noon, nothing had been heard of him.

Daniel Stone, the perpetrator of this deed, is a man *sixty-nine years old*, about 5 feet 10 inches high, dark complexioned, with grey hair. His voice is coarse and grum. He was coarsely clad, having on a dark brown great coat which had been cut off about the knees, and butternut colored pantaloons. He took his gun with him. It is supposed he has directed his course toward Vermont or the lower part of Maine, where some of his connexions reside. It is hoped that, wherever he may be seen, measures will be taken to arrest him, and bring him to justice.

Wor. Spy.

TENNESSEE.—We have the proceedings of this legislature up to the 7th ult. inclusive. The bill which was introduced by Mr. Camp, "to prohibit persons under age from marrying without consent of their parents or guardians," after having undergone two separate discussions, in which it was warmly opposed by several members, who argued against the policy of putting "bridles upon the mountain girls," and of driving them across the state line to marry, was finally rejected, by a vote of 23 to 11. The Nashville Whig says, 'there are many *dry eyes*, particularly among the fair sex, on the occasion.' A report, recommending a loan of 5000 dollars, to aid in the erection of works and machinery for the manufacture of iron, steel, nails and brads, was agreed to in the House of Representatives. Resolutions were received from the Senate, and concurred in by the House, relative to the reception of General JACKSON in the hall of the House of Representatives, on his arrival at Murfreesburgh. He is to be addressed by one or both of the speakers, on behalf of the two houses. It is supposed that the legislature will remain in session for six or seven weeks. A bill to make endorsers of notes and bonds liable as securities, is in progress in the House of Representatives.

Bost. States.

NEW POLITICAL RACE. A horse race is to be run over the course of the United States in the fall of 1828, open to all horses or geldings; fillies and colts being excluded by the rules of the Jockey Club. The purse is one hundred thousand dollars, payable in four annual instalments; besides various perquisites, privileges, and honors, which will attach to the favorite horse. The names of the horses which will be entered are not yet all published; a great deal of competition is anticipated, much sport is expected by the knowing ones, and great interest will probably be excited.

We should scarcely have noticed a race, that is so distant, if we had not discovered that the subscription book was already opened for the candidates. We content ourselves with noting the *fact* merely, all *commentary* on such subjects being beyond the sphere of our jurisdiction.—Perhaps it would have been better if the training could have been put off a little longer: but the friends of the particular candidate know better than we do. They are gentlemen, who are actuated by strong feelings, to discharge a duty which they think they owe to him, and to their country. He made a great run before; and, his friends do not seem disposed to flinch, or to withhold his pretensions at the contest of 1828.

As Citizens, we may have a deep interest in the results of this race: as Editors of a paper, we shall scarcely permit ourselves to take an active part in it. Yet we may be suffered to breathe our hopes, that the contest may be openly, publicly, and fairly conducted; the training carried on with all possible good humour; no jockeying or foul riding permitted; and that the purse may finally fall to the best horse.

Richmond Compiler.

Fayetteville, (N. C.) Oct. 12.

A PRODIGY INDEED.

The following is so remarkable that we should hesitate to give it publicity did not our information come from the most unquestionable source.

There is, at the present time, in Marion District, (S. C.) a boy child, the son of a black woman, belonging to Mr. John McLeod, who at the age of three months walked a quarter of a mile with ease and without assistance.—He is not quite 9 months old, yet speaks sensibly and deliberately; rides on horse-back to any place, when assisted to mount, and does not weigh more than from 8 to 10 pounds.—He oft-times grasps the horse firmly by the mane, throws his heels in the air, and performs several other antic tricks with all the agility of an equestrian monkey.

Dr. M'Kenzie, who has the mother of the boy under his charge, vouches for the correctness of the above statement, besides others who have been eye witnesses of the fact.

SOMETHING FOR ANATOMISTS.—Not long ago an ox belonging to Mr. Custis Mallary, of Hamilton County, (Indiana,) died of what is called the bloody murrain. A neighbor expressed a belief that there were leeches in the liver of the ox; to test which, he was opened in the presence of Dr. Palmer, Mr. Potts, Mr. Minor, Mr. Mallary, and several others. The liver being examined on the outside, a black spot was discovered, in which they made an incision, and took out a large leech—on a thorough examination, three others were found, all perfectly secreted within the liver; alive and enjoying excellent health and provision. Traces of their courses through the liver in various directions were plainly seen. Now the question is, how came they there? Were they swallowed by the ox? and did they afterwards find a passage or make one to the liver? or are we to suppose leeches to be a natural product of the liver? I am told they are often to be found in the liver of deer.

Indianapolis Gazette.

Continental Paper Money.—Mr. Joseph Lake of this town, an old Revolutionary Soldier and Sailor, on his return from West Point in 1780, with his wages in his pocket, gave twenty dollars of it in Lynn, for a quart of milk to quench his thirst. He has left his name to be added to the Revolutionary Petitioners.

Mr. Joseph Shattuck of Andover, who has signed the Petition, in 1780 returned home and thought he would be careful and saving of his money, and has it now in his possession to the amount of about $300, which accrued from his wages, and is not worth any thing except for curiosity. He laid out, however, $75 after his return to buy an axe for chopping.

Mr. Timothy Philips of Bradford, says that he sold $1000 for $1, and gave $4000 for a watch. His father sold an old sow and pigs for $3000.

Haverhill Gaz.

The burthen of the militia system still excites great complaint; and still it finds as many as ever, willing to endure its honors and its hardships. A writer in a New-Hampshire paper has added another to the many calculations that have been made, of the expense of the system. He says that "at a very moderate estimate, the account of all the various evils, will stand as follows:—

Time spent by each individual, in annual trainings in the ranks,	$7
Tendency to a habit of intemperate drinking and dangers,	50
Fatigue, even to those who are used to labour, from change of laborious employment unfitting them in a degree for labor on the day after trainings,	3
Scattering of thoughts, and tendency to unsettle industrious habits, especially with minors,	10
Danger of loss of life or limb,	3
Injury to a *private* soldier, annually,	$73"

In case of an *officer*, he varies the account somewhat, by charging for "scattering of the thoughts and tendency to unsettle industrious habits, $50," and by an additional item of "injuriously feeding vanity," which he sets down at an average of $20; making the sum total, in the annual account of an officer, $130.—If this sort of calculation were made in some other cases, it would show a most alarming result.—*Wor. Yeoman.*

A Dwelling-House occupied by Mr. Samuel Kelly, and Mr. John Millikin, was destroyed by fire, at Calais, on the 20th ult. The furniture, &c. was saved.

Eastport Sen.

A few days since a Dwelling-House, on Soward's neck, belonging to Mr. Benjamin Clark, was burnt. The house was new and nearly finished.

H.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, NOV. 10, 1825.

CANALS, CANALS, *Canals.*—These "*ditches*" we find are becoming very numerous around us—and before we were aware of it we found we had *fallen into one.* Having a disposition to let our readers *see* us in "such a pickle" we copy the following remarks of the Editor of the *Eastern* (Gardiner) *Chronicle*:—

"THE OXFORD OBSERVER, of last week, in remarking upon the efforts, made and making, to effect the construction of the "*Kennebec and Androscoggin Canal,*" must be understood to ridicule the project as visionary, or to intimate an unfriendliness to the measure. The cause why the editor of that paper, for whom we feel much personal respect, has not participated in the enthusiasm of feeling respecting 'internal improvement,' with which the public in general, has of late been considerably agitated, may be found, perhaps, in the possession of a more saturnine temperament than has fallen to the lot of those, whose "zeal" in this (*chimerical*) undertaking has so much excited his admiration. But the moving power, the secret string, that sped the arrow of his ambiguous wit, is less apparent to observation. Surely, to excavate the bed of a Canal, a mile or two in length, at an average depth of thirty feet, with the construction of some ten or twenty locks, cannot be considered, in a country that has just witnessed the completion of a Canal *two hundred and ninety miles long*, an undertaking of such vast magnitude, and impossibility of execution, that the mere suggestion of it is a matter of just merriment. It would be an acknowledgment, humiliating indeed, as well as untrue in fact, were it admitted that Maine is removed at such an immense distance from New-York, in energy, resources, and appreciation of natural advantages, that her citizens have not the spirit and energy to carry into effect this comparatively insignificant undertaking, with as reasonable expectation of advantage to the public and profit to themselves, in proportion to the expenditure of funds, as influenced the projectors of that grand design. Were not the editor of the *Observer* a gentleman of known intelligence and liberality of feeling, the ridicule implied by his remarks, might be attributed, with the appearance of much justness, to a cause, quite the reverse of accurate information concerning the feasibility and utility of this object of his *feigned* mirth. For we cannot believe it real; there being nothing chimerical even in the hypothetical suggestions, that have been made concerning the practicability of uniting the waters of the two rivers. If it be assumed as a cloak to cover opposition of feeling towards the proposed Canal, that unfriendliness is difficult to be accounted for on principles of public good or private interest. The County of *Oxford*, by whose patronage the *Observer* is supported, and whose interests of all descriptions, considerations of gratitude, duty and policy, might operate upon that paper to maintain and advocate, is the section of country most to be benefitted by the accomplishment of this project, that the *Observer* treats so very cavalierly. The average distance of the inhabitants of that County from a market may be fairly estimated at sixty miles; and the cost of transportation at one dollar per hundred weight. The inference is plain, that most kinds of manufactured lumber, with ship-timber, pot and pearl ashes, hay, apples, cider, and potatoes, commodities of easiest growth and most abundant productions, owing to the high price of carriage, are mostly excluded from market, and now yield but comparatively small profit to the farmer. Remove this very serious and discouraging check upon the growth and prosperity of the interior parts of the country, by opening a Canal, through whose means a market might be found near the doors of the farmer, and greatly beneficial effects would follow. New excitement would be given to productive industry; superior cultivation, with enlarged crops, would ensue; and an advanced value of real estate would follow, as a necessary consequence of increased profit, with the same quantity of labor. While a net saving would accrue in the consumption of heavy imported articles, such as West India goods, iron, lime, salt, &c. of about 75 per cent. on the cost of land transportation; an object of no small importance to that section of the country through which the *Observer* circulates, and to persons by whom it is supported. And yet, strange as it may appear, that paper discourages an undertaking of important immediate as well as prospective advantage to itself and friends. The cause of this unnatural opposition has been intimated to exist *nearer the banks of the Kennebec than the Androscoggin.*"

We feel sorry that we have so innocently been the cause of *so much trouble* to our *friend* the Editor of the *Chronicle.* We assure him (from the bottom of our heart) that it was wholly *unintentional.* Had the editor "looked over" our little paragraph the second time, we think he would have saved some *time* at least in *guessing* at *our meaning.* And *how* he could come to the conclusion that we meant to "ridicule" the *project* of a Canal to *unite* the Kennebec and Androscoggin rivers, we are at a loss to *determine*—For we confess that were we *guilty* of ridiculing a subject of *so long* standing, would, to say the *least*, show our want of *manners* and due respect for our elders, as it has been *more* than *twenty years* since we *heard* of the "*Cobbessee Canal.*" We now assure the editor we are *not* "unfriendly" to any "internal improvement," *especially* where it will benefit *us.*

But what *sticks* the most with us is, to think that the editor of the *Chronicle* should suppose we possessed a "*saturnine temperament.*" What!——*we* saturnine—or gloomy——. We really wish our brother of the *Chronicle* was here to *crack* a bottle of——wine, with us, (if we could get it—but here we are out, for it *takes cash* to buy wine as well as to *dig Canals.*)—What——we "saturnine"!——no—never—except when we get into the *bubbles* as we *now are.* We can hardly get over that word—"*saturnine*"—how *bad* it is——how *provoking* to be called so. But, stop; the editor calls us a "gentleman"! Ah! that's good—that *sounds* well.—*A gentleman!*—we will *forgive* him this ugly *saturnine* word. But again, he says our mirth is "feigned." A sad——*mistake* this. What!——to be accused of "feigned" mirth—We *can* hardly *believe* the *Editor* of the *Chronicle* in *earnest*; for we never "*feign*" *our* mirth—And we care not how many Canals are made, if our *carcass* is not pressed into the service to *help dig* them:—As for our *purse*—we have nothing in it—of course, it is safe.

There is one thing more however, in our friend's *statement* which is not quite right: he thinks we *must have some to advise us.* We *guess* he does not know how *highly* we value our *own* opinion. We are not so easily *taught* in——things of this kind. *We* taught

be instructed.——But we will now pledge our word upon the *honor* of an *Irishman*, that, as soon as the *Kennebec and Androscoggin Canal* is completed, we will purchase a *bran* new beaver, get our coat *new-brushed* and wend our way forthwith to *Gardiner*, and *convince* our brother of the *Chronicle* by *ocular* demonstration, that *we* are not unfriendly to *him* or to *Canals*—provided he will furnish us with a dinner and a *little* wine for the stomach's sake.

☞To the Public.—The attention of the public is solicited to the following *sympathetic appeal* to their feelings, for the relief of their fellow men, who have, in the calamity occasioned by the late fire in the County of Somerset, been deprived both of food and raiment, and cast upon the Benevolence and Charity of a generous people. From information received, the inhabitants in that section of the County where was the seat of destruction, must be in truly distressing circumstances. We should recollect that many who emigrated from this County, and even some of our friends and connections are among the *sufferers*—that a winter is near at hand, and many in that place, have scarcely comfortable clothing for the present, much more for the inclemencies of the approaching season. Though the calls on our charity are numerous, and we have frequent opportunities of *manifesting* our deeds of benevolence, yet, as men are mutually dependant on each other for support, and this a very distressing calamity, and the *sufferers many*, we hope the public will generously extend their *alms* that this *appeal* may not be made in vain.

To the Humane and Benevolent.

The subject which on this occasion we lay before the public is of an important and urgent nature. Important as it relates to the exercise of the most noble principles—Benevolence and Charity—and urgent as it relates to the relief of suffering humanity. As men dependant on each other for protection and security, it becomes us to relieve or palliate the distresses of the unfortunate, as far as our abilities will allow.

The particular object to which we would invite every feeling and benevolent mind, relates to those individuals who have lost their property and buildings by fire in the County of Somerset. It is not easy to picture the distress of the unhappy inhabitants during the conflagration. The fire had been long kindling in the back forest by the heat of the sun and the dearth of the season, till blown by a strong wind it spread to the width of two miles. Its approach was so extremely sudden and unexpected that the distressed inhabitants barely escaped with their lives, unavoidably leaving their provision, clothing, furniture, and houses, to the mercy of the devouring fire. Exclusive of other towns which suffered severely, twenty-five buildings were consumed in the towns of Harmony, Ripley and Bridgtown alone. In the course of three hours, thirteen families, consisting of nearly one hundred persons, were deprived of their homes and all means of subsistence. The loss as estimated by a committee chosen for that purpose in the aforementioned towns, amounts to nine thousand one hundred and eighty-four dollars and thirty-six cents. This loss cannot be trifling when by its effects so many persons are all turned on the mercy of the world. We think we need not advert to any arguments to impress on the minds of the least discerning, the importance of doing something for their relief against the inclemency of the approaching winter. We feel it our duty to lay their case before the public, in full confidence that we make an appeal to a sympathizing and generous people. The committee have taken the most effectual method that whatever is given shall have an impartial distribution among the sufferers.

An opportunity will be offered, that all who feel disposed may contribute something to their relief.

JOEL BARTLETT,
DANIEL RING,
PETER FOLSOM, } *Committee.*

Bears.—These *creatures* of the forest, have recently been more *tame* than usual in making their visits to the abodes of civilized life. We are informed by the *Kennebec Journal* that one of them made his appearance, a week or two since, in the village of *Augusta*. We are told, that several have been seen in Canton and Livermore. One was discovered last week, near this village; and on Friday evening he succeeded in regaling his *sweet* tooth upon two hives well filled with honey, which were situated within a very few rods of the house. On Saturday evening, just before dark, he again sallied forth, but was deterred from supping thus early, by the *unmannerly* interruption of the occupants of the house.

Something Extraordinary.—We have been informed that a Mr. Bartlett, of *Bethel*, in digging a well, last week, found a *spruce* log at the depth of *eighteen feet* from the surface. The log was quite sound, and lay directly across the well, and was cut off each side of it; the ends each way appeared to be firmly bedded in the ground. The well is about a mile from the Androscoggin river, upon a considerably high hill.

The Weather, has been very warm and pleasant for a few days past, as much so as usual in September. About a fortnight since, we had some rains which raised the small streams a little. But many of the wells and springs in this vicinity are now entirely dry; and the most of those which are not afford but a small quantity of water, and that very poor, owing to the extreme drought.

Stage Register.—We have received the *third* number of the *Stage Register*, published as a *supplement* to the *American Traveller*, by Messrs. Badger & Porter, of Boston. It contains its usual information respecting lines of Stages and Steam-Boats in New-England and New-York, with considerable more of this kind which was *not* in the *second* number.—We notice a mistake in the account of the Stage from this place to Portland—It leaves here on Monday and Thursday—*not* on Monday and Wednesday, as stated in the Register.

News.—We received the *American Patriot* from *Portland* on Saturday last; we have now received it for two weeks in succession,—a circumstance which has not taken place before with us. [illegible]

Internal Improvements.—The Editors of the *Kennebec Journal* have really got themselves engaged in the cause of making *Canals*, *Dams*, &c. &c., and in their *zeal* have extended the project of the proposed *Androscoggin and Kennebec Canal* so as to unite the Androscoggin with the *Penobscot!* Now this is something of importance, and is well worth the attention of the public—A Canal from the Androscoggin river to the Penobscot would be *beneficial*. At first thought one might suppose, that it would be somewhat difficult to cross the Kennebec with it; but if the Kennebec should become *dry*, as it is *suspected* by the Editor of the *Hallowell Gazette*, there would be no obstacle whatever; and if it does not, as the Editors of the *Kennebec Journal* contend, but continue to run the same as ever, it would be *best* to *carry* the *Canal* to *Augusta* and *cross* the Kennebec upon the *dam*. Should that section of the *Canal* which lies between the Androscoggin and Kennebec rivers be *first* made, the *tolls* would *soon* amount to a *sum sufficient* to *make* that portion of it between the *Kennebec* and the *Penobscot*—if no farther. Perhaps the *route might* still be continued to the North-eastern boundary of the State.

Patronage.—The patronage afforded "*Zion's Herald*," a valuable religious paper, published in Boston, under the direction of the *New-England* and *Maine* Conferences, amounts to about *four thousand five hundred* subscribers. We believe, this paper was published first of any of the kind under the direction of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the United States. It really merits the patronage of Christians, especially of the Methodist denomination. One or two papers of this description would be valuable in a *pecuniary* point of view to the Methodist Society. But we perceive they are increasing, and perhaps will increase so much, that they will be rather *expensive* than *profitable*. There is now one published in Boston, (Mass.); one in New-Jersey; one in South Carolina; one in Ohio; and one is about to be established in Kentucky.

Next President.—The Legislature of *Tennessee* have unanimously recommended Gen. Jackson to be supported as a Candidate for the next President of the United States. This is *certainly in season*. We understand that he has resigned his seat at the Senate Board, in consequence of considering *himself* a candidate. If this is correct, it is most likely *he is determined* to try the *race* once more. He *may beat* this time—but it will *depend* on who are his *competitors*.

The Tables Turned.—We have had several actions brought by the "*fairer part of Creation*" for "*Breach of Promise;*" but a report of a trial of this kind is published in the *American* (Boston) *Traveller*, in which a "Gentleman" *Broker, is plaintiff!* The damages were laid at *ten thousand dollars*. The *disappointed* man did not recover damages; as the Jury returned a verdict "that the said [*loving*] Jane never did *promise* in manner and form as the plaintiff has set forth in his declaration." The case is carried up to the Supreme Court.

Snow—fell in the vicinity of Quebec on the 4th,—at Buffalo, (N. Y.) on the 17th, (preceded by a flock of *wild geese*,)—and at Raleigh, (N. C.) on the 18th of last month.

Cash.—The Messrs. *Rothschilds* of London, the famous Bankers who make such large contracts in all the European and Brazilian loans, are supposed to be worth *fifty millions of dollars!!*—quite a snug little fortune.

A Puff.—It is stated that a *Puff Ball* grew this year in Hudson township, Ohio, which weighed *twelve pounds!* and measured upwards of *four feet* in circumference!!! We *rather* think the *story* is *a puff*.

New-York, October 26, 1825.

Grand State Jubilee.—The great work is finished!—The most magnificent, the most glorious enterprise of the age is consummated! This day, at 10 o'clock, commenced the joyous, splendid celebration of "the wedding of Waters of Lake Erie with those of the Atlantic ocean," connected by an artificial channel, three hundred and sixty-five miles in length, constructed in little more than eight years, at an expense of about eight millions of dollars, by the energies of the free citizens of a single State, in a new world! The achievement is worthy of the united and triumphant celebration of the one hundred and seventy thousand freemen of New-York, and of the congratulations of the whole American people. It has opened a home trade and internal commerce of incalculable value to the whole country, more estimable than the possession of all the gold and silver mines in the world. Lasting honors are due to the patriotic projectors, and untiring and undeviating advocates of the great work, who have persevered through evil and good report to the glorious consummation of this day.

At half-past 11 o'clock the signal gun from the Battery, in continuation of the Grand Salute from Buffalo to Sandy Hook, announced the passage of the first boat from Lake Erie into the western entrance of the Grand Canal. The guns below, quickly conveyed the glad intelligence to Sandy Hook; and the line of cannon, soon reverberated it from the shores of the Atlantic to those of Erie, making in the whole distance, of the salute and the echo, a grand total of one thousand and eighty-eight miles. The intelligence was also welcomed by the discharge of a national salute from the Battery and from the forts in the harbor.

Statesman.

The Kentucky Reporter contradicts the rumor that Mr. Clay had disposed of all his property, with the view of taking a final leave of the State. He has sold nothing but house furniture.

New's Advocate.

The Hon. James D'Wolf, of Rhode Island, has resigned his office of Senator of the United States. The vacancy it is expected will be filled by the Legislature now in sitting at South-Kingston. The Candidates are said to be Hon. Asher Robbins, Elisha R. Potter, Wm. C. Gibbs, (late Governor) and Daniel Champlin.—*Cent.*

A LIST OF PRIZES

Drawn in the *Fifth Class* of the Cumberland & Oxford Canal Lottery, above eight dollars, with those of eight and five sold at the *Oxford Bookstore:*

Nos. 211–$20; 408–50; 458–20; 558–100; 585–50; 631–20; 714–400; 805–20; 984–20; 995–20; 1031–20; 1188–50; 1351–20; 1354–5; 1358–5; 1361–5; 1364–8; 1365–8; 1384–8; 1391–8; 1405–5; 1411–5; 1418–5; 1424–5; 1425–5; 1428–5; 1431–5; 1464–8; 1478–8; 1525–8; 1568–8; 1595–3000; 1651–100; 1908–1000; 2011–20; 2068–50; 2184–50; 2264–20; 2495–50; 2565–50; 2591–50; 2715–50; 2728–20; 2794–100; 2814–50; 2898–100; 2945–100.

All other Tickets whose numbers end with 4–5–1 or 8, (the drawn numbers,) are prizes.

The $3000 prize was sold in parts by Mr. Elias Shaw of Portland.—The $1000 prize was sold in a whole ticket by Mr. Parker Sheldon, of Gardiner.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have several favors on hand which will have place soon.

The communication signed '*Wanderer*,' has been received. We should rather he would remain *stationary* than subject us to the *postage* of his communications.

We would also inform '*Rambler*,' that his communication is not *worth* the postage to *us*—He may have it again for *half* its cost.

The communication of 'K', entitled 'The Dying Year,' was duly received. We thank him for the favor, but should prefer to give it a place in our paper at the *close* of the year, should it meet the approbation of the writer.

Died,

In Canton, 20th ult. Mrs. Mary Holland, (consort of the late John Holland, Esq. of Dixfield,) aged 74.

Drowned—In Portland, Mr. Philip Page of Fryeburg, aged 55 years.

In Providence, (R. I.) Mr. Ulysses Holden, aged 35. He was in his store, attending to his business with his customary assiduity, when he suddenly fell upon the floor and was immediately taken up a lifeless corpse.

Obituary of Mr. Perley Warren—[see our last.]

He was carried away by a pulmonary complaint which had been gradually corroding upon the vital functions, for about five years. The evident approximation of the end of his earthly existence, rendered it necessary for him to relinquish the business in which he had been previously engaged, about three years ago, when he repaired to his father's house, where he has ever since received all that care and attention, which the most intense anxiety and kindness of parents and friends could serve to bestow. Their kind efforts to alleviate his pain and distress, were unremitted; but all beneficial effects resulting from their exertions were temporary and delusive. His strength slowly yielded to the ravages of disease, rendered occasionally more discouraging and hopeless by distressing hemorrhages from the lungs, in the last of which, he resigned his soul into the hands of his Maker.

Having retired to rest at his usual hour, and under as comfortable circumstances as usual, the family, about eleven o'clock, were alarmed by his faint call for assistance. His anxious father repaired to his bedside; but only in time to witness the departure of his spirit. The hemorrhage was copious and distressing, but the struggle was but for a moment. His immortal part took its flight—and he was left motionless and cold. At his funeral many manifested their personal regard for the deceased by the last token of earthly respect.

Mr. Warren was truly a kind and dutiful son, a beloved and affectionate brother, and was much respected by a large circle of acquaintance. His generous and accommodating propensities were duly appreciated, and will be long remembered by his surviving associates and friends. [*Communicated.*

TICKETS

IN the Sixth Class of the *Cumberland & Oxford Canal Lottery*, for sale at the Oxford Bookstore.

5000 Dollars *Highest Prize*—

and several of other denominations worth having.

Persons who drew small prizes in the *Last Class*, may now have an opportunity of *exchanging* their tickets *without* paying any difference, if they call immediately. *Paris, Nov.* 10.

ISAAC H. CURTIS,
Attorney at Law,

HAS opened an Office in *Richmond*, County of Lincoln, where he will attend to professional business intrusted to his care.

Richmond, Oct. 17, 1825. 69

ASA BARTON,
Agent,

AT THE OXFORD BOOKSTORE.....PARIS,

HAS on hand and offers for sale, Webster's and Goodale's Spelling Books—English Readers—Evangelical Readers—Columbian Readers—Introduction to the English Reader—American Preceptor—Art of Reading—Columbian Orator—Butler's Compend—Whelpley's Compend—Morse's, Cummings', Woodbridge's, Parish's and Worcester's Geography; with other SCHOOL BOOKS in general use.

WRITING and CYPHERING BOOKS—PAPER—INKSTANDS, &c.

The above will be sold cheap for Cash or Rags—or even *good* credit. *Nov.* 10.

JOHN E. HALE,

NO. 1.....MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS,

MIDDLE-STREET.....PORTLAND,

HAS just received an Elegant Assortment of

European, India & American
DRY GOODS,

☞WHICH WILL BE SOLD LOW☜
for Cash or approved credit.

WANTED,

From Twelve to Fourteen Hundred yards of

COUNTRY FLANNEL,

for which *Goods* will be given at the lowest *Cash Price*. *Oct.* 27.——3w 69

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the first day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five—

JOHN BRIGGS, Jr. Administrator on the estate of *ELIAB STURTEVANT*, late of *Sumner*, Esq. deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

Ordered—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*
A true Copy, Attest, Thomas Webster, *Register.* 71*

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the first day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five—

JOSHUA WHITMAN, Administrator on the estate of *SAMUEL GORHAM*, late of *Turner*, deceased, having presented his fourth account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

Ordered—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*
A true Copy, Attest, Thomas Webster; *Register.* 71

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the first day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five—

CYRUS THOMPSON, Administrator on the estate of *ANDREW BARROWS*, late of *Hartford*, in said County, yeoman, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased;

Ordered—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*
A true Copy, Attest, Thomas Webster, *Register.* 71*

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the first day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five:

ON the petition of THOMAS CLARK, adminstrator of the estate of *BETH BENSON*, late of *Paris*, in said County, yeoman, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of five hundred ninety-six dollars and twenty-two cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

Ordered—That the Petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this Order to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*
A true Copy, Attest, Thomas Webster, *Register.*

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the first day of November, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and twenty-five—

ON the petition of DAVID NOYES, Administrator of the estate of *WARD NOYES*, late of *Norway*, in said County, yeoman, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of two hundred and twenty dollars, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

Ordered—That the Petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this Order to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*
A true Copy, Attest, Thomas Webster, *Register.*

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons, that SALLY FULLER, my wife, and Alden, my son, have run away and left my Bed and Board. This is therefore to forbid all persons from harboring or trusting them on my account, as I shall pay no debts of their contracting. ALDEN FULLER.

Paris, Nov. 7th, 1825. 71*

A LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Norway, (Me.) October 1st, 1825.

Norway, Peter Buck—George Cushman—Cyrus Cobb—Levi Frank—David Gamble—Isaiah Hall—Edmond Maddon—*Hebron*, Arther Morse—*Norway*, William Ordway—Betsey Pottle—Daniel Pottle—Jacob Porter—Jonathan Perren, 2—Gen. William Parsons.

WILLIAM REED, *P. M.*
71*

MAINE
FARMERS' ALMANACK
for 1826,

FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore, by the gross, dozen or single, on the *best terms*.

Sold also—By Messrs. Morse & Hall, Maj. John Dennett, Lt. Ebenezer Drake, Jr., Jairus Shaw, Esq. and Thomas Crocker, Esq., *Paris*—John Loring, Esq., Zadoc Long, Nathan Atwood and Nathaniel Harlow, Esq., *Buckfield*—John R. Briggs, Esq., *Woodstock*—Moses Bartlett, *Bethel*—Messrs. Crocker & Crocket, *Romford*—I. Ichabod Bartlett, *Norway*—and by Traders generally. *Nov.* 10.

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

LINES

Sketched while seated by the Grave of a person who had been dead but a few months.

Though now in life and on thy grave inclin'd,
Calmly compos'd with undisturbed mind,
I read my fate by thine, and plainly see,
That like what thou art, shortly I must be:
When death draws near I can no longer stay;
But must, like thee, soon moulder into clay.

I have seen thee when at thy house in life,
Possessing much, with children, friends and wife,
And heard thee say, (*surely thou must have known,)
"There's nought on earth that men can call their own."

With large estates men hope new joys will spring,
But are perplex'd with troubles that they bring;
No lasting pleasures they on earth can find;
And as to future, they are mostly blind.

Thy large possessions all thou now hast left,
Thy wife, thy children, friends, are all bereft,
Thou wilt on earth affliction know no more;
Thy glass is run, thy journey now is o'er.
Thou didst see an emptiness in all pride,
And charity attended by thy side,
To give when pinching hunger cried for bread—
But now, alas! we mourn, for thou art dead.

O. P.

* Remark of the deceased in the last summer of his life.

From the Hancock Gazette.

RELIGION WITHOUT MORALITY.

We can't help meeting, now and then,
With animals in shape of men,
With wolf-like craving, fox-like cunning,
Forever watching, plotting, running,
Seeking, as much as in their power,
Their honest neighbors to devour;
Often to cheat the rich they're sure,
And grind the faces of the poor:
Then to atone for these vile deeds,
They worship Him, who nothing needs.

One of this class, in days of yore,
Kept a convenient grocery store,
As many now-a-days are wont,—
His parlor back, his store in front.

One morning, at the hour of prayer,
Well seated in his elbow chair,
His children seated, wife and maid,
His Folio Bible well display'd,
He to the store-apprentice calls,
Who answers him with lusty bawls.
"John, is the rum reduc'd with water?"
'Yes, sir, I guess about one quarter.'
"Have you seen all the sugar sanded?"
'Tis done, sir, just as you commanded.'
"Is the tobacco nicely wet?"
'Well as you'd do't yourself, I'll bet.'
"Then lay aside all worldly cares,
Shut the front door, and come to prayers."

EPITAPHS—*From the Italian.*

ON AN HONEST MAN.

The memory of Aristus must
Be trusted to this stone obscure;
Know, reader, he was wise and just.
You may imagine he was poor.

ON A BANKRUPT.

Here Alcon lies, who fearing none
Upon his grave would drop a tear,
Gave all his creditors good cause
To show a grief the most sincere.

ON NIGELLA.

Gentle shepherds, lightly tread
On the flowers of this mead,
Underneath its turf were laid
The ashes of a beauteous maid.
And Love perhaps has given the fair
The semblance of some flowret rare.

ON A MAGISTRATE.

Alceus here lies buried,
And let each malefactor
Come pay the last sad tribute
Unto his benefactor.

ON A PLOUGHMAN.

Here lies with years and toil borne down,
A swain, his labors done.
With sheaves his monument we'll crown,
The trophies that he won.

VARIETIES.

THE JEW OUTWITTED.

A TURKISH STORY.

The Turks have a tradition that the Jews, who dwelt formerly in great numbers in Hammah, a large town in Syria, about 120 miles north of Damascus, all left the place from the following circumstance.

New-York Observer.

A Turk who was a neighbor to a Jew, intended going to Mecca with his wife; and he desired the Jew to take care of three great pots of butter, which he committed to him till he came back from Mecca. Two or three months after the departure of the Turk, the price of the butter increased. The Jew thought he might profit by this circumstance, in selling the butter, and buying other butter before the arrival of the Turk, when it should be cheaper. The Jew's wife approved of the scheme, and he immediately began to empty the pots, and to carry the butter to market for sale. He found at length a great sum of money which the Turk had hid in the pot of butter; and when the Jew saw this, he immediately gave up the idea of selling the butter, and examined the two other pots to see whether they also contained money, which was the case. Some time after, the Turk returned from Mecca, and asked to take back the butter, which the Jew gave to him immediately. The Turk then examined the pots at home, and found that the gold was gone. The Turk was confounded, as he knew not how to get back his money; for the tyranny of the Turkish government is such, that the Turks are obliged to pretend they have no money, lest the government should deprive them of it. If the Turk accused the Jew to the Governor, the Governor might probably take the money from the Jew and keep it himself. The Turk therefore managed in the following manner:—He bought a young monkey, which he shut up in a room in his house, and he himself fed him, and did not suffer any body else to appear before the monkey and the Turk every time he went to feed the monkey, put on a dress like that of the Jew, who took the money. After some time the monkey was quite accustomed to him, and knew nobody else; he then one day desired the Jew to send his son to him, to carry some meat to his house, as he had nobody to carry it home from the market. The Turk previously had instructed his wife, that if ever the Jew's son should come, she should shut him up in a room. The Turk having sent the Jew's son, she did according to the order of her husband. The father of the young Jew waited a long time, and when his son did not return, on the night approaching, he reclaimed his son from the Turk. He replied that he knew nothing of him; the Jew then went to the Cadi, who summoned the Turk before him, and asked him what he had done with the Jew's son: he replied that the son had been sent to his house, but that unfortunately the son of the Jew had blasphemed the Deity, and was thereupon immediately metamorphosed into a monkey, and on that account he was ashamed to produce him. The Cadi gave orders that the monkey should be immediately brought before him; the monkey, the moment he saw the Jew in the dress in which he was accustomed to see his master, sprang upon him and kissed him. The Turk addressing himself to the Cadi, said, "Do you not see how the child, although metamorphosed, knows his true father?" The Cadi in his wisdom replied, "It is true, God is mighty above all things, and can do every thing." The Cadi then said to the Jew, "Dog, take your child, and go." The Jew, however, understood the trick of the Turk, and gave back the money, and the Turk gave him his son. The Jews of Hammah concluded from this, that the Turks at Hammah were more cunning than themselves, and therefore left the town.

LEE LEWIS.

The agility of the late Mr. Lee Lewis, the harlequin, is generally known. Having played at the little theatre in the Hay-market, one evening, and being fatigued, he sent for a coach to the stage door, and before he came down to the coach, the driver entered into conversation with the call-boy respecting the lives and habits of the players, and concluded his inquiries by a shake of the head, and an observation that he was afraid they were all on the broad way to destruction. At this moment Lee Lewis came down, and got into the coach unperceived by the coachman. After waiting some moments, and finding that the coachman did not attempt to get up, he pushed his head out of the window and shouted, "Are you going to keep me here all night?" "*Lord have mercy upon us,*" exclaimed the coachman, "is any body in my coach?" "Yes, certainly—come drive on!" "Where to, sir?" "Why, to the Devil," (meaning the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, which then occupied the site of Childe's place, Temple-bar,) "to the devil! bless me, what wicked people." "No, coachman, drive to the —— in Drury-lane." The —— was a house built in the reign of Queen Anne, with a projecting first-floor, which was perfectly accessible to Lee Lewis from the coach. Accordingly when the vehicle stopped, the first-floor window of the house being open, Lewis with a spring, flew from the coach window into that of the house. The coachman descended, and finding his fare decamped, exclaimed—"There's a pretty rascal to cheat a poor man in this way; 'drive me to the devil,' indeed, if I was'nt a christian, I could almost wish you there." By this time the coachman had mounted. Lewis took this opportunity to jump back again into the coach, and exclaimed, "Come, coachman, open the door!" The driver previously alarmed by the mysterious conduct of the player, now heard with extreme dread the voice of his fare coming from out the coach which he had just found empty. He therefore descended, and Lewis returned into the first-floor.—The coachman opened the door—the coach was empty! He looked under the seats, and into the pockets, but no one was there. Not a word escaped his lips, and more dead than alive, he crawled up on the box, anxious to be relieved from so awkward a situation. Lewis returned into the coach, and leaning his head out of the window, exclaimed, "it's a strange thing you won't let me out." "*Lord have mercy upon us!*" ejaculated the coachman, as he slid from his seat to the ground, between the horses. Lewis assisted him to rise, and finding that the man was seriously alarmed, he determined to drop the joke. "Well, what's your fare?" said Lewis. "*Nothing, sir,*" said the coachman, scrambling into his seat, "I bean't to make no charge to-night, sir—master said *I was'nt to charge nobody nothing*—and so," continued he as he drove off, eyeing Lewis with a very cunning look, "*master devil, for once I have been too deep for you.*"

RECEIPT FOR A LADY'S DRESS.

Let your ear-rings be *attention* encircled with *refinement*; the diamonds of your necklace be *truth*, and the chain *Christianity*; your bosom-pin be *modesty* set with *compassion*; your bracelets be *charity* ornamented with the pearls of *gentleness*; your finger-rings be *affection* set round with the diamonds of *industry*; your girdle be *simplicity* with tassels of *good humor*; your thicker garb be *virtue*, and your drapery *politeness*; let your hose be *prudence* secured with *chastity*; and your shoes be *wisdom* clasped with the buckles of *perseverance*.

A person of suspected veracity, one day observed, in conversation, that when he was a child he received a severe flogging for telling the truth. "Did you?" exclaimed a by-stander, "that flogging was effectually applied: you have not spoken it since."

An Indian, being about to take an excursion for the day, left his little son at the house of a family, who, (though termed English,) were almost as dark colored as the savages themselves. When night came on the Indian did not return; in consequence of which, his child was put in bed with a boy of the family of nearly the same age. In the course of the night the son of the forest entered the dwelling, and being directed to the bed which contained both children, took the Englishman's son and departed; leaving his own in exchange. The next morning, the father having discovered the mistake, hastened to inform the Indian of it. "I beg your pardon," said the savage, "I thought I took the blackest."

Some years ago, a termagant woman, who had lived several years in quarrels and broils with her no less quarrelsome husband, was suddenly and violently seized with a raging fever, which appeared likely to terminate her earthly existence in a few hours. The friends and neighbors were, of course, sent for to witness her departure: and while they were gathered around what they supposed the couch of death, one of them inadvertently turned his eyes toward the husband, when to his utter astonishment he beheld his face dressed in smiles. The woman, however, shortly recovered her former health. In a few days, the neighbor, who had seen this unnatural expression of countenance, met the husband and inquired the cause of it. "I will tell you," said he; "I was thinking of the scratch which she and the devil must have when they first met."

Good Breeding.—A farmer who came up to town to visit his brother who kept a shop in —— street, having given some offence to his sister-in-law, who piqued herself upon her gentility, by something that did not accord with her idea of good manners, she pertly told him that he was very ill bred, and did not know what good breeding was. 'Why, look ma'am,' replied he, 'as for that I consider myself quite as well bred as you, for all your fine airs: my mother had seventeen of us in sixteen years, and that I take to be *very good breeding*.'

Doctor and Patient.—A querulous invalid was telling his physician, that he, though at an advanced time of life, did not know how to manage himself. You know, my friend, (says the doctor,) that a man at 40 is himself either a fool or a physician.—The invalid surveyed the son of Galen, who was of that age himself, and shrewdly replied, Pray, Doctor, may not a man be both?

A Yorkshire man, meeting with a friend in London, the following conversation took place between them:—'Bad times,' said the Yorkshire man, 'how dun ye come on here in Lunnun?' 'Very bad,' replied the other; '*honesty* has no chance to live now a-days.' 'Ah!' says the Yorkshire man; 'but we *mixes a bit* in our country.'

La Lande.—This eminent astronomer, during the most perilous times of the French Revolution, confined himself closely to the pursuit of his favorite science. When he was asked to what happy cause he was indebted for escaping the fury of Robespierre, he jocosely answered—"I may thank my *stars* for my preservation."

A lady on a visit to the British Museum, asked a person in attendance, if they had the skull of Oliver Cromwell. Being answered in the negative, Dear me, said she, that is very strange—they have one at Oxford!

Law.—Law is like a *contre-dance*; people are led up and down in it till they are tired. It is like a book of surgery; there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic: they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow—and, like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion; people are bewitched to get into it—and it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

The gay, who would be counted wise,
Think all delight in pastime lies,
Nor heed they what the wise condemn,
While they pass time—Time passes them.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Maine, in Legislature assembled.

THE petition of the subscribers, inhabitants of the town of Buckfield, respectfully represent. That from the local situation of their farms in said town, they are deprived of many of the privileges that are enjoyed by their fellow-citizens—Their estates are all within about three miles from the centre of the town of Paris, and they all attend the religious meetings holden in said town of Paris, and are obliged to expend their proportion of school money in said Paris, and in fact, their business with Traders, Mechanics, and Mills is altogether within said town. They therefore pray, That they with their several estates, may be set off from said town of Buckfield, and annexed to said town of Paris.—And as in duty bound will ever pray.

BENJAMIN WOODBURY,
Jan. 20, 1825. And 5 others.

Copied by C. B. Smith, *Sec'ry of the Senate.*

STATE OF MAINE.

In Senate, Feb. 1st, 1825.

On the Petition aforesaid, Ordered, That the Petitioners cause an attested copy of their Petition, with this Order thereon, to be published in the *Oxford Observer*, a paper printed in Paris, three weeks successively, the last publication to be thirty days, at least, before the first Wednesday of the first session of the next Legislature, that all persons interested, may then appear and shew cause, (if any they have,) why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

Sent down for concurrence.

JONAS WHEELER, *President.*

In the House of Representatives, Feb. 3d, 1825.

Read and concurred.

JOHN RUGGLES, *Speaker.*

A true Copy,
Attest, CHARLES B. SMITH, *Secretary of the Senate.*

PROBATE NOTICES.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

SAMUEL BRIDGHAM, Jr.

late of *Hebron*, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to THOMAS MERRILL.

Turner, Nov. 1, 1825. 70*

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

SEWALL LANCASTER LOMBARD,

late of *Hebron*, in the County of Oxford, Blacksmith, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to THOMAS MERRILL.

Turner, Nov. 1, 1825. 70*

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

COLMAN P. WATSON,

late of *Waterford*, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to SAMUEL SCRIBNER.

Harrison, Nov. 1, 1825. 70*

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of ELIJAH GILBERT,

late of *Turner*, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to SIMEON BARRETT, Jr.

Sumner, Nov. 1, 1825. 70

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator, with the Will annexed, on the estate of

NATHANIEL THOMAS,

late of *Hartford*, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to PHILLIP ELLIS.

Canton, Nov. 1, 1825. 70

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the first day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five—

JOHN STEVENS, Jr. of Fryeburg, named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of *JOHN STEVENS*, late of *Fryeburg*, in said County, yeoman, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

Ordered—That the said John Stevens, Jr. give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Fryeburg, in said County, on the third Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*

A true Copy, Attest, Thomas Webster, *Register.*

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the first day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five—

ESTHER KIDDER, Administratrix on the estate of *JACOB KIDDER*, late of *Dixfield*, deceased, having presented her third account of administration on the estate of said deceased: also, her account of Guardianship of the heirs of said Jacob Kidder:

Ordered—That the said Esther Kidder give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, *Judge.*

A true Copy, Attest, Thomas Webster, *Register.*

NOTICE.

FOR SALE at *PUBLIC AUCTION*, on Saturday the 3d day of December next, at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, at the Court-House in Paris, in the County of Oxford, by license from the Judge of Probate for said County, all the Right, Title, and Interest which LEONARD PRATT, late of said Paris, yeoman, deceased, had to redeem the homestead Farm of said deceased, situated in said Paris—together with the reversion of the widow's dower therein, or so much thereof as will raise the sum of *four hundred dollars*, for the payment of the debts of said deceased with incidental charges.

☞Terms made known at the sale.

THOMAS CLARK, *Administrator.*

Paris, November 2d, 1825. 70

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEAVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, *Portland*, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Leicester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.

☞Orders for any quantity executed at short notice. Portland, Feb. 15.——tf 24

JUST received, and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, Anderson's Cough Drops, a valuable medicine for Coughs and Consumptions.

THE OBSERVER

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ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

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***All letters, addressed to the publisher, *must be post paid.*